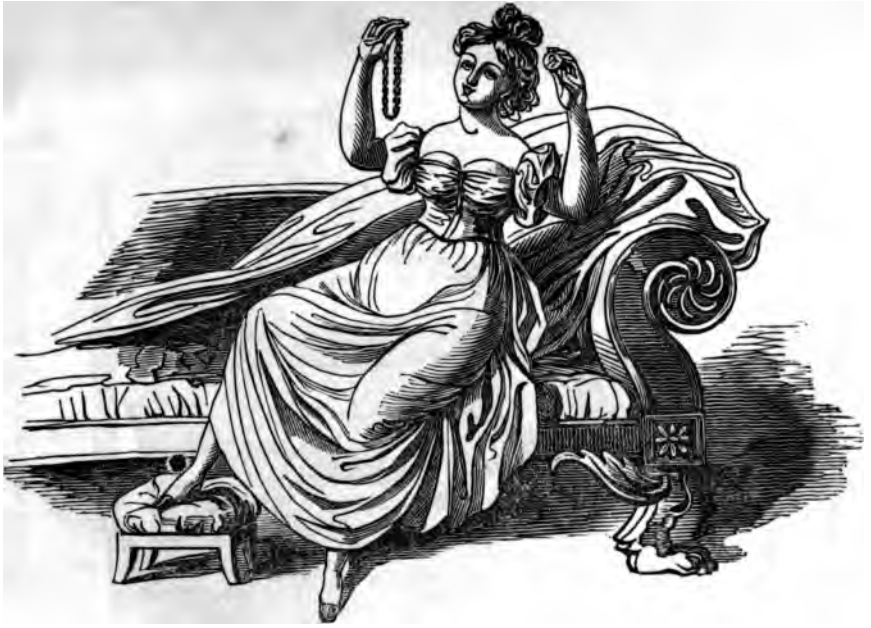
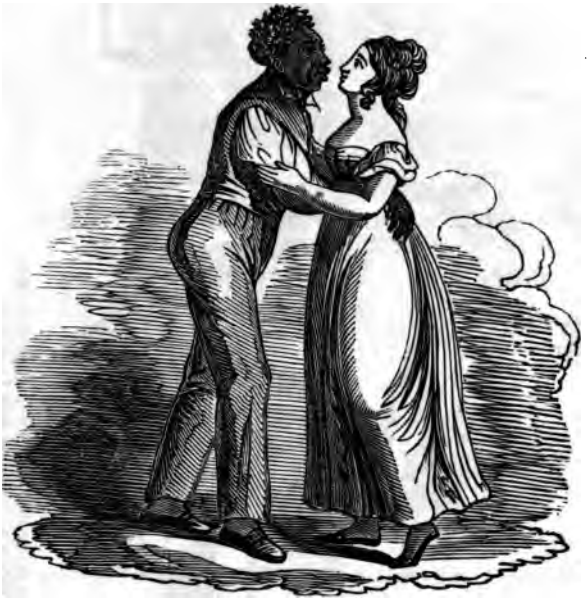


"Pawlen my crime, take back your Gain and Glory; [illegible] Lawson, Lydia, my lyre's return'd again;

☞ COX—THOMPSON—GARRISON—TAPPAN—MAY. ☜

☞ Emancipationists!—Amalgamationists!!—Insurrectionists!!! ☜



When Cox & Co. proclaim their word—
Who heeds the wisdom of the Lord?
Who black'd indeed the Negro's face—
To mark him as a diff'rent race.—

A

PICTURE OF WOONSOCKET,

OR

THE TRUTH IN ITS NUDITY;

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE BEST FRENCH, SPANISH AND ITALIAN WRITERS.

BY THOMAS MAN,

PROFESSOR OF ELOQUENCE, MORAL PHILOSOPHY AND THE LANGUAGES.

La giustizia è la base di tutte le virtù. La coscienza è potentissimo è certissimo flagello di chi fa male. *Giucciardini.*

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1835

TO MY PATRONS.

"Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon."

GENTLEMEN:

On my first subscription list, were enrolled the names of a number of *sneaks*—principally, however, confined to Smithfield, Wrentham and Diamond Hill Plains. Among the most distinguished for their high standing in rustic society, are the statesman of Smithfield, and the doctor on Diamon Hill Plains—the others being plebians, and of "*the swinish multitude,*" I shall not now deign to notice, recalling to mind the observation of Sancho Panza to his master, "the more you stir it &c." On the present list, I have taken care to enroll the names of such as claim the title of men, and will maintain it by their conduct: but even you, gentlemen, I think it would not be amiss to remind you of the common true saying, that punctuality is the life of business—aware at the same time, however, that a word to the wise is sufficient. My barque is now on an ebb tide, but by your assistance, I hope to raise the wind, and get into a full sea; for "there is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at its flood leads on to fortune;" though my principal object in writing is to purge the noxious vapors from the moral atmosphere. My book I have entitled "The Picture of Woonsocket," in gratitude for the

many favors which I have received in that place, having among others, after only about two months residence, by universal consent, received the "Freedom of that City"—and as I have no other means of expressing my gratitude, being generally without money, and abhorring as I sincerely do, ingratitude—being considered among the ancients as the greatest of crimes; I now have the honor, and at the same time take the liberty, of dedicating this my work to the citizens of that place, which I hope may be to them an acceptable offering, as a "light to their path and a lamp to their feet," to guide them in the way of all righteousness.

As the subject would be too local and perhaps uninteresting to many of my readers, I have translated several pieces from the most celebrated French, Spanish and Italian authors, which I hope may meet with general approbation.

THE AUTHOR.

A SKETCH,—*Byron.*

"Honest—Honest Iago!
"If that thou be's: a devil, I cannot kill the."
Shakespeare.

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head;
Next—for some gracious service unexpressed,
And from its wages only to be guess'd—
Raised from the toilet to the table,—where
Her wondering betters wait behind her chair.
With eye unmoved, and forehead unabash'd,
She dines from off the plate she lately wash'd.
Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie—
The genial Confidante, and general spy—
Who could, ye gods! her next employment guess—
An only infant's earliest governess!
She taught the child to read, and taught so well,
That she herself, by teaching, learned to spell.
An adept next in penmanship she grows,
As many a nameless slander deftly shows:
What she had made the pupil of her art,
None know—but that high soul secured the heart,
And panted for the truth it could not hear,
With longing heart and undeluded ear.
Foil'd was perversion by that youthful mind,
Which Flattery fool'd not—Baseness could not blind
Deceit infect not—near Contagion soil—
Indulgence weaken—nor Example spoil—
Nor master'd science tempt her to look down—
On humbler talents with a pitying frown—
Nor Genius swell—nor Beauty render vain—
Nor Envy ruffle to retaliate pain—
Nor fortune change—Pride raise—nor Passion bow,
Nor virtue teach austerity—till now.

Serenely purest of her sex that live
But wanting one sweet weakness—to forgive,
Too shock'd at faults her soul can never know,
She deems that all could be like her below;
Foe to all vice, yet hardly Virtue's friend,
For virtue pardons those she would amend.

But to the theme:—now laid aside too long
The baleful burthen of this honest song—
Though all her former functions are no more,
She rules the circle which she served before,
If mothers—none know—why— before her quake;
If daugters dread her for the mothers' sake;
If early habits–those false links, which bind
At times the loftiest to the meanest mind—
Have given her power too deeply to instil
The angry essence of her deadly will;
If like a snake she steal within your walls,
Till the black slime betray her as she crawls
If like a viper to the heart she wind,
And leave the venom there she did not find;
What marvel that this hag of hatred works
Eternal evil latent as she lurks,
To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,
And reign the Hecate of domestic hells?
Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints
With all the kind mendacity of hints
While mingling truth with falsehood—sneers with smiles—
A thread of candour with a web of wiles;
A plain blunt show of briefly-spoken seeming,
To hide her bloodless heart's soul-harden'd scheming.

A lip of lies—a face form'd to conceal;
And without feeling, mock at all who feel:
With a vile mark the Gorgon would disown;
A cheek of parchment—and an eye of stone.
Mark, how the channels of her yellow blood
Ooze to her skin, and stagnate there to mud.
Cased like the Centipede in saffron mail,
Or darker greenness of the Scorpion's scale—
(For drawn from reptiles only may we trace
Congenial colors in that soul or face)—
Look on her features and behold her mind
As in a mirror of itself defined;
Look on the picture! deem it not o'er charged—
There is no trait which might not be enlarged:
Yet true to "nature's journeymen," who made
This monster when their mistress left off trade,—
This female dog-star of her little sky,
Where all beneath her influence droop or die.

Oh! wretch without a tear—without a thought,
Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought—
The time shall come, nor long remote when thou
Shalt feel far more than thou inflicteth now;
Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,
And turn thee howling in unpitied pain.
May the strong curse of crush'd affections light
Back in thy bosom with reflected blight!
And make thee in thy leprosy of mind
As loathsome to thyself as to mankind!
Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,
Black—as thy will for others would create:
Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust,
And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.

Oh! may the grave be sleepless as the bed—
The widow'd couch of fire, that thou hast spread.
Then when thou fain wouldst weary heaven with prayer,
Look on thy earthly victims—and dispair.
Down to the dust! and as thou rott'st away,
Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.
But for the love I bore, and still must bear,
To her, thy malice, from all ties would tear—
Thy name—thy human name—to every eye
The climax of all scorn should hang on high,
Exalted o'er thy less abhor'd compeers—
And festering in the infamy of years.

RECCOMMENDED TO BE READ IN THE CHURCH AT WOONSOCKET FALLS.

THE DECALOGUE.

"They prefer darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil."

1. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

2. Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.

3. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work:

4. But the seventh-day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: *in it* thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gate.

5. Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

6. Thou shalt not kill.

7. *Thou shalt not commit adultery.*

8. Thou shalt not steal.

9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour's.

"*If ye love me, keep my commandments.*"

TO WHICH IS ADDED THE PATER NOSTER.

Pater Noster, qui es in Cœlis: Sanctificetur nomen tuum: Adveniat regnum tuum: Fiat voluntas tua, sicut in cœlo, et in terra. Panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie: Et dimitte nobis debita nostra, sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris: et ne nos inducas in tentationem, sed libera nos a malo. AMEN.

WOONSOCKET—THE ROME OF AMERICA;

"And room enough"—for Civilization—Intelligence, and Refinement.

WOONSOCKET is in size, an overgrown factory village, containing about 2500 inhabitants—situated on the romantic Blackstone river;—its location on this earth has been accidental; without order or design, and unpremeditated. Its birth, from every probable appearance, has been caused by some accidental convulsion of nature—indeed, rather an abortion, baffling even the indefatigable researches of the most profound naturalists, geologists and geographers. To the most careless observer, there is evidently not that display of supernatural power, characteristic of Divine wisdom, visible in other parts of the works of creation. It certainly has not the appearance of Canaan, the promised land, as described by the sacred writers, abounding with milk and honey, though many *Jews* may be found here; extremely rough, sandy, barren and unproductive as the great desert of Sahara; the author of nature has, however, on finding it, fitted the inhabitants, like the merciless Arabs, to the soil in its chaotic state; being like the latter, devoid of all the common social feelings of humanity, and every thing which renders life amiable; and like them, not only preying on one another, but when a favorable opportunity presents itself, committing depredations on the unsuspecting traveller: sunk in the lowest state of barbarity and mental degradation, like the Irish Peasantry, Russian Boors, or the reptile-devouring Hottentots,

where education has scarcely yet shed one ray of light among them; if so, yet so limited, as still to be invisible to the traveller.

Among this people, politeness und hospitality are terms unknown—and honesty is scarcely understood in theory, even by the most virtuous and enlightened of the inhabitants; and a man at noonday, like Diogines, might seek in vain for such a character, though many might be found assuming such a disguise—"like whitened sepulchres, fair without, but within, full of dead men's bones and rottenness;" and no one could reside a month in the place, without the fullest conviction of the doctrine of original sin and total depravity. As regards business, the traders are rustics, consequently are generally very ignorant; their whole knowledge consisting of a small stock of ideas, and these wholly exercised in over-reaching one another, being in number far more than the small sorry place will support on the common principles or usual mode of doing business, which naturally induces great competition; consequently it is conducted rather after the manner of jockeys than intelligent and regularly bred merchants.

The only hotel,* if we may be allowed to debase the term by calling it so, is kept by—O—a very mercenary, avaricious and senseless man, whose sole object is making money, without any regard to the comfort and pleasure of the traveller. The house is built in very bad taste, and every way incommodious, he being the archtect; there is, however, one fine thing in the kitchen—a large sink opening in the floor, dark as the hole of Calcutta, where all the filth of the house is emptied, and carried

* The Hotel has changed hands since the above was written, and is now improved and kept in good style.

off below by *silver pipes*. (!) The table is served in the most barbarous style, as you will scarcely ever find a decent piece of meat on it, which could be masticated with common good teeth—the beef steak being always cut from the thigh or neck of a bullock, consequently cheaper, and never half cooked, the fresh blood still dripping from it. This is not strange however, when we consider the character of the landlord, whose excessive selfishness and avarice are visible in almost every thing about the house. The yard before the door is ever animated by the presence of a great variety of swine, of every color, like Laban's sheep—ring-streaked and speckled—attracted there, no doubt, by something like fellow-feeling. It is true a license has not been granted this year by the Town-Council, yet I think you may probably find no great difficulty in obtaining any kind of liquor, such as it is, which you may happen to wish, provided you pay the cash;—I will not presume to say positively, however, that rum presents itself as formerly, under its own name, and with the same complexion.

In this place is also a Church, resembling rather the school-house of a factory village, built on an elevated site, in style, suited to the place; raised like a beacon on high, to warn sinners from afar, to flee from the wrath to come, and to shed its spiritual light around; where the unfledged theological student, still on the confines of a college, sometimes enters, to whet his beak, and stretch his spiritual wings. On the environs are several factories, owned, some of them, by *noble, generous, polite, and very honest men*, which give a tone to the manners and customs of the people, uncouth, boorish and barbarous in the extreme. Scandal is the peculiar and

most interesting subject of conversation among the females, and a dish served up and mutually devoured with great zest and avidity by virgins, old maids and married women—the most wanton and basest kind, is principally confined to the widows and married ladies, calling themselves polite;—they are, however, constant at church, both day and night, without discovering any visable, moral improvement, in their conduct or manners. What constitutes here, true nobility among the *traders* and manufacturers, is to pursue their business successfully for a time, then declare their bankruptcy or incompetency to pay their just and honest debts, make an assignment to some lawyer or younger member of the family; defraud their crediters, many times very honest and industrious men with a family, (and perhaps *machinists*, and unable to lose without distressing themselves,) build magnificient houses, furnish them with elegant furniture, purchase a carriage and horses, *wearing at the same time a smooth exterior*, laugh at the importunities of their creditors, and live in style—this last is an evil however coextensive even with civilization and refinement,—though the barbarian may sometimes imitate successfully the vices of society, when he cannot copy individual excellence. There is also established a weekly news-paper, from which eminates, ever and anon, gleams of light, to illumine the path of the natives, groping in moral, intellectual and religious darkness. The principal Bookstore is kept by Mr. —— a meek, demure looking man, sitting in his store, like the patriarch Abraham of old, among his friends and kindred, at the door of his tent. Here are several Lawyers of respectable talents—one of them, however, keeps himself generally kennelled like a Fox-hound, and feeds on hasty-pudding, to quicken his scent when in pursuit of legal prey; his

appearance when he moves, is like the pitch of a lumber vessel in a heavy swell of the ocean; he is a disinterested man, and does every thing for the good of morals and the public; and is a great admirer of the fair sex. The most popular lawyer of the place, for his manners, fitted himself for the Pulpit, and preached for a time, said to be a good reader, and of very grave deportment; but finding his profession unsuited to that meridian, relinguished the laws of God, to advocate those of men, as perhaps thinking, also, the profession more lucrative. The last though not least, practices on the immutable principle, that self is the main-spring of every good and noble action. Their courts are not unfrequently held in the royal hall of the Hotel; and the pleadings are sometimes not uninteresting, though somewhat *swinish*. The minister* is a careless, easy, slouching sort of a man, and if his doctrines harmonize with his name, somewhat rigid and impracticable. A Bank is also established here—the Cashier, an intelligent, humorous and communicative man, giving however, sometimes, too much scope to his passions, to be entitled to the epithet of a moral philosopher. They patronise also a Barber, a man of open, frank manner, and considerable soul; and with his scientific skill in his profession, will give even an ordinary head of the place, (which is wonderful) the expression of Spurzehim. Here are also several Physicians, (iucluding a droll excentric Apothecary) agreeable and intelligent men, whose practice however in medicine, is not in accordance with the principles of the Aesculapian School, but an improved mode of treatment, dosing their patients in almost all cases with Mercury, "the Samson of the *Materia Medica*."

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* *Since* the above was written, he has had a successor.

In fine, almost the only thing which can attract and entertain the eye of the traveller, is the lofty cataract, tumbling in majestic grandeur over the rugged rocks, roaring and foaming in the immense and unfathomable abyss below, from whose sprays are formed under a clear and serene sky, ten thousand beautiful rainbows; while the wild, luxuriant and extensive landscape, in the distance, over which the eye wanders unsated, fills the soul with the most sublime and awful emotions.

A SKETCH.

I shall add to the above Characters, a brief description of a fellow, which I met with, in a certain factory village; my first and last visit to that place: they called his name* * * * , rather Weevelly—and the Superintendant—though very difficult to be believed. I shall briefly notice him, although far beneath my contempt. He was a stranger to me, and hope he ever may be. I never saw him before, nor do I wish to see him again; yet I shall never forget his brutal, savage, and ferocious looks; no more than I should a foot-pad, who had attacked me on the high-way; and I should suppose from his general deportment and manners, his birth-place might have been Woonsocket, or some other equally obscure and immoral place: and he appeared to me, (that was my impression at the time,) to use or rather abuse his authority, like a negro slave, when raised above his fellows—brutal in the extreme, and without mercy. He had the phisiognomy of a vile, dirty, squalid, insignificant, contemptible, dastardly, assassin-like looking wretch, just escaped from the hands of the hangman, or perhaps, rather like a resuscitated body, which had been buried

sometime since in its clothes; and recently dug up, before the resurrection,as the clods of the earth seemed still sticking to him. In fine, I think you might ransack every receptacle of moral degradation and sewer of depravity; and you would be puzzled to find an animal wearing the human countenance, expressing more fully, and in bolder relief, all the passions, which degrade humanity; and I am almost confident, though I did not examine his skull at the time, (which would have been impossible, it being so thickly coated with dirt,)that he had not the Bump of Benevolence. And no one should he see them; could help feeling some degree of sympathy for those unhappy people, who from necessity , are compelled to daily labor, so many hours, which, God knows is severe enough; but how much more so to be subject, at the same time, to the caprice and arbitrary power of such an apparently barbarous and malignant miscreant: To be as they are, like the brutes which perish, and possessed only of instinct; deprived of the liberty of thought, speech, and body; one would think, that they must sometimes at least, imagine themselves on the confines of the lower regions, and without much stretch of the imagination. And why does not the Government of the United-States regulate the time of labor in Cotton Manufactories, which is severely oppressive to children, as has been done in England, by the last Reform Bill?

LOVE,

Is a pleasing phrenzy of the mind—an extatic joy of the heart—a soft, bland, and intermittent swooning of the soul—an exquisite inebriation of the brain, running through the nervous system—and an inflexible resolution to sacrifice every thing to the object of your affection.

There is no symyathy in hell, saith the Lord.

'In the twilight, in the evening, in the black and dark night; and behold there met him a woman with the attire of a harlot, and subtle of heart."

I'd rather be a SLUT *and bay the moon than such a* WOMAN."

Lo! she comes, clothed in the habiliments of moral death--the devil in her eye—guile in her heart—honey in her tongue--and the kisses of her lip, breathe contagion and misery.

Indeed! since first this lower world had birth,
A heartless female is a scourge on earth.
It puts my feelings, far beyond control,
To see a handsome face without a soul:
Frailty! says Shakspeare, thy name is woman!
Thanks to my stars, such coquettes are not common.
They're like a thorn deep rankling in the breast,
With them a very stoic finds no rest.
They wear the smiles and features of a saint,
Ought daily for their sins to repent.
Would harrow up the feelings of the mind,
Of barb'rous savage—brutal—unrefin'd.
Soon would disgust and weary man of life—
Curse such a wretch, to have her for a wife.
The best of men would wish her soul in hell,
Where her congenial, outcast spirits dwell.
I do despise, sincerely, from my heart,
Her, who possess'd of all the vilest art,
Would wound, with pleasure, the most feeling soul;
Among God's works, the basest is, of all.
Thinks by her charms to lead you by the nose,
Oft in a game, instead of win, we lose;
'Tis right when candor we too much abuse.
Oft when wit and beauty know their power,

They like a tyrant push conquest too far.
Go!—search the earth's remotest verge around—
A female of less virtue can't be found—
E'en in a brothel—or on monkish ground.
And if your heart, by sin, is not yet sear'd,
The ghosts of wicked deeds are to be fear'd.
Prone to blame the vices of another,
But with much art, try your own, to smother.
You know how oft, I've knel't before your chair,
With fervent heart, though not devote to pray'r.
Had I with half the ardor, knel't to heav'n,
My sins had been erac'd—myself forgiv'n.
"*Pardon* my crime—take back your *Coin* and *chain*;
I've lied—betray'd—to whom, shall I complain?
I swoon—I die—my love's return'd again—
And only *he* can sooth my am'rous pain.
The aching void, which in my heart I feel;
Perhaps, a pretty baby-boy, might heal."
In retrospection—look at your past life—
A blot upon the sex—a faithless wife!
For shame! prostrate yourself, low in the dust—
Avert th'impending fate that waits th'accurs't.
"Do by another—as you'd have him do"—
I ask—have I been treated so by you?
How many pangs we all should save ourselves—
To nobly think—and thus behave ourselves—
The living law, deep-written in the breast,
Outrag'd—the tortur'd victim finds no rest.
How wise its dictates, ever, then to heed—
An act once done—who can undo the deed?
Yes—to God and your conscience now I leave you;
Whose boundless grace at last, perhaps may save U.

Hail blackest midnight with thy deeds of death!
Touch my tongue with gall, empoison my breath—

Pour o'er my mind the fell asp's black venom,
While I sketch another, worthless woman.
With Syren smile, the dire assassin's heart,
Sharing in all that's, infamous a part.
She's Malice's self, and stabs with careless ease;
Then heals the wound with best *Cantharides*.
A Proteus assuming ev'ry shape,
From the fine lady, to a lech'rous ape.
" Would win her way, where virtue might dispair,"
With her soft, simp'ring, hypocritic air.
But should she enter the dark shades below,
Would add to Pluto's harp, a string of wo.
Excite rebellion througout all the realm,
Assassinate the Prince,then take the healm.
Like Herod, slay the imps of smallest size,
Whose horrid shrieks would rend the vaulted skies.

What splendid Genius bursts upon my sight?
A radiant star upon the brow of night—
His mighty birth upthrew the sluggish clod,
And rolling billows swept the shore of *Cod*.*
Hark! the loud thunder rends the vault of heav'n,
The tremb'ling stars like frighten'd sheep are driv'n.
Lo!—through the murky gloom,the meteor pale,
Strode by the Devil, with a fiery tail;
Like the proud ship, o'er ocean lofty sail.
The thund'ring cat'ract swells with louder roar;
Remotest hills repeat it to the shore.
The sombre woods send forth a hollow sound,
Ten thousand lifeless lions strew the ground;
The trees with terror topple all around.
The tow'ring eagle from his lofty flight,
Like the wing'd light'ning, falls with direful fright.
A thousand monkeys chatt'ring on the trees,

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* *Cape-Cod*—*The Artist's* Birth-place.

Freight with their uncouth noise, the distant breeze,
The haggard wolf sends forth a doleful howl,
The raven hoarsely croaks, now hoots the owl.
The moon grew pale, the sun astonish'd stood;
The fish aghast, forsook their wonted food;
The boundless ocean, one vast sea of blood:
Nature herself retires to ancient night;
Men—Imps—Devils—are fill'd with dire affright.
His name is B******!—Raphael's darling child,
He took his magic pencil—nature smil'd.
The living canvass breathes with vivid touch,
Here frowns a Tyrant-King—there glides a witch.
Music now binds in chains, the raving Saul;
A gleam of light, arrests the hand of Paul.
A brilliant star illumes the shepherds' path
To him, who died, to slake th'Almighty's wrath.
See! Cain with envy, on his brother fall—
Whose mark time can't erace, out cast of all.

Lo! mighty O****, with a tragic frown,
Another Jeffreys, knocks the Poet down.
"So inharmonious flow his numbers,
Sometimes he raves—and sometimes slumbers.
The measure, so imperfect in each line,
Uncouth the rythm, and any thing but fine;
How unlike Milton, splendidly, divine!"
I'd rather bear the royal eagle's bick,
Than feel the Turkey-Buzzard at me pick.
The Ass' hoof indeed is harder borne,
Than by the lion *nobly* to be torn.

See! smooth-tongued H——. in the distance stands,
A tough beef-steak hangs dangling from his hands.
Around his neck, a broken bottle slung,
Kneeling he prays, in tears, his License gone.

And why his License gone? The Council know,
The people get so drunk and stagger so;
They cannot walk, *but reel* both to and fro.

What miscreant hag stalks amid the gloom?
The blackness of her heart, her looks assume.
Her Gorgon-head strikes the soul with horror;
Her face reflects envy like a mirror;
And all the basest passions of the heart,
Lie rankling there, to play their fiendish part.
Detraction foul, here quickly, has her birth;
And ev'ry other which doth scourge the earth.
She riots on the blight of loveliest charms,
And kills in embrio, fair virtue's germs.
The fellest venom from her tongue she spits,
And ev'ry beauteous flow'r unerring hits.
One only pleasure could assuage her heart,
The closest twine of friendship rent apart.
Her smile is the vindictive smile of death;
To see her victim fall, depriv'd of breath.
Whose early youth, alluringly discloses,
A lovely cheek, where innocence reposes;
A bunch of lilies intertwin'd with roses.
A child of nature prematurely grown,
Which Genius'self had fondly call'd her own.
The low'ring flame glares beneath her brow—
Go! see the wretch, since language can't tell how.
Her Guide, black Turpitude, before her stands,
Beckons her on, with sacrilegious hands;
Through paths, which none but cursed fiends e'er trod,
Or a base woman, damn'dest work of God.
Her movement still, the murdr'er's softly step,
Half leaning o'er one's couch, when lost in sleep.
With eye intent, she o'er her victim stands,

A thirsty dagger clutch'd in both her hands:
Uprais'd with fell intent, eager to kill;
Waiting alone her base companion's will.
E'en Hell itself would blacken at her frown,
Satan affrighted, drop his glitt'ring Crown.
The infernal Hecate chaunted at her birth,
And ev'ry reptile hiss'd along the earth.
Grim death on a pale ass came riding by,
And ev'ry Hell-hound rais'd a hideous cry:
E'en Spectre Time rear'd his sharp scythe on high.
From putrefaction sprang her worthless mind—
Chain'd to the basest clay of human kind.
Her heart, her mind, nature's foul abortion;
Of all that's lovely, a base distortion.
From out her wicked loins a bantling sprung—
It gasp'd—then died—unsir'd—unwept—unsung.
May the evils which her passions gender,
Like black fiends at ev'ry step attend her.
"With whip of scorpions lash her round the world;"
Then from time's confines, let her soul be hurl'd.
From *Blue*, her soul has chang'd to blackest dye,
And in the lowest hell—Oh! may it lie—
Grasp'd by th'eternal worm and never die.
Whose awful folds, with mighty writhings, clasp
Its victim still, at each convulsive gasp—
At ev'ry ceaseless turn and torture dire,
Envellop more in everlasting fire.
As far too base for Satan's realms below,
As he himself, in heav'n above, to go.

ORDER AND CHAOS—MORNING SPLENDOR AND MIDNIGHT DARKNESS,

Or the Negro and White Man Contrasted.

The image of the negro surely could not have been painted on the retina of the eye of the illustrious Shakspeare, when he bursts forth into the following enthusiastic and poetic language:—What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!—Or the distinguished Maxcy when he says, "Erect in stature man differs from all other animals, though his foot is confined to the earth, yet his eye measures the whole circuit of the heavens, and in an instant takes in thousands of worlds:"—or the sacred historian when he declares that, "God created man from the dust of the earth after *his own image*, and breathed into him the breath of life, and he became a living soul." View the negro in all his relations, and does he appear to be a being of the above descripton? And does he justify the remarks? But does he not on the other hand, seem rather to establish the opinion expressed by some of the most learned Commentators on the Bible, in relation to his color, to the curse pronounced on Cain for his transgression? And has he not the indelible mark of blackness stamped on his visage? Look at his figure, and is there any resemblance to the Apollo Belvidere? And is there any thing like intelligence impressed on his brow? But is he not rather the image of vacancy and stupidity, resembling rather, in his movement, a gloomy, painted Automaton, put in motion, without volition, by some secret and

invisible, mechanical machinery, like the Turkish Chess Player? And contemptious the Miscreant and blasphemous the Wretch, who, like Cox, would proclaim from the sacred Desk, The Saviour, to have been a Negro —" who spake as never man spoke." How revolting the thought to reason and common sense; as if the Almighty "whose presence fills immensity, and even the heaven of heavens cannot contain Him,"—would reveal himself in the flesh, and condescend to assume the gloomy vestments of *such mortality!* Naturalists and all intelligent writers, who have ever expressed any opinion on the subject, have classed men as animals, placing the negro in the lowest scale of human intelligences—a connecting link in the great chain of beings, between men and animals; as is the Polypus between the vegitable and animal kingdom. The monkey or baboon, as is highly probable, was created only as a carricature of the negro (herhaps some may doubt it, but the "ways of the Lord are mysterious and passed finding out") to the form of which has been superadded the extra appendage of a tail to complete the picture. Sure Milton, the immortal Bard, could have no reference to the Negro, when he describes our first parents, Adam and Eve, as fresh-coming from the hand of their divine Maker; on whose forms and features were beutifully and nobly impressed the image of the Deity—as described in "PARADISE LOST:"

"His fair, large front and eye sublime declar'd,
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forehead manly hung
Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She as a veil, down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
*Dishe*vell'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd

As the vine curls his tendrils which imply'd
Subjection, requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay."

Ransack the Archives of ancient and modern history—traverse the boundless regions of Africa—and where do we find any indications of talent and genius or the least traces of inventive or creative minds—have they ever, like Egypt, Greece and Rome, flourished in the Arts and Sciences, though left to themselves, to form their own free and independaut laws and institutions? Have they ever produced men, eminent in any of the departments of Science? Have they erected pyramids, splendid temples, built magnificent cities—and if so, where are they? We find no mention of them in history or the writings of travellers. Have they ever carried on an extensive navigation with the civilized parts of the Globe? Where are their ships and distinguished admirals, or navigators? Have they ever sent ambassadors to foreign powers to negotiate treaties? Where are their statesmen? Have we any translations in the modern languages of the speeches or writings of their illustrious scholars, their philosophers, their orators, their judges, their poets? Have they ever produced a Confucius, a Zoroaster, a Socrates, a Bacon, a Newton, a Demosthenes, a Solon, a Fenelon, a Shakspeare, a Milton? No—from all which we have read or discovered, 'tis preposterous to draw such an inference. Surely then from what has been said, and can be irrefutably established; we have every reason to believe, that the Almighty never created the negro with an intellect and capacities for improvement in the arts and sciences, equal to the white man, (though there are now many in the United States

who have received a fair education;)who is endowed by nature with energies, and we see many instances of it, capable of bursting with refulgent splendor from the greatest obscurity, and under the greatest disadvantages in relation to education and local circumstances; astonishing the world with the prodigious powers of their gigantic mind and conceptions. On the other hand from thousands of experiments which have been made from time immemorial by philanthropists, anti-slavery men and amalgamationists, a host of facts can be deduced, to prove the truth of the assertion, that he has a phisical and mental incapacity for such high and lofty attainments; but that he is a dull, stupid, apathetic animal—an opaqe body, and so extremely so, and differing so much from every other, that he is both incapable of receiving or reflecting light: thick skulled; (and I will refer you to the best works on anatomy, ancient or modern) and ordinarily about an eighth of an inch thicker than that of a white man, roughly and hastily finished, and which you all very well know, they use not unfrequently, liket he Battering-Ram of the ancients—and matted with a kind of black, heavy, coarse wool, but differing from that of a Sheep, or any other useful animal, as it cannot when sheared off be applied to any particular or advantageous purpose: and black, like his physiognomy, which indicates no thoughts within. A complete, striking, and not to be mistaken or forgotten index of a sluggish mind, whose exhalations are like that of a dead morass—flat nosed—thick lipped—with however, two or three extra , graceful curves—a lack-lustre eye, gazing on vacancy—a body, unseemly, uncouth and deformed: emitting, under a hot sun, an effluvia, which strikes the olfactory nerves, like the particles flying off from musk: with a pair of legs, the calves in front, serving as a

cushing to protect his shins;(which by the way, may be perhaps,an improvement;) and which from their crookedness, resemble a detached, leather horse-collar—stuck in two large and long extremities, of more capacious dimension than a wooden trencher—And should you attentively regard what was intended as a face, and then his feet, when at rest; you would be undetermined, from their equal projection behind and before, which way, when he started, his intention was, to move. "The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib," but the negro doth not know it. The natives of Africa, have ever been, and now are, a numerous race; (you know the most insignificant animals, are always the most productive;) yes, as numerous as the myriads of insects, which swarm on the banks of the Mississippi—or the lice and locusts, on the coast of Egypt, when smote, through divine interposition, by the rod of Aaron.

Yet amid all the hosts of Blacks, bearing some very faint outlines of resemblance to the human species; no men of distinction, have, however, even to this day,risen among them—and where the Supreme Being, has, by some inconceivable movement of the clods of the earth, thrown them into being; to propagate—rot—and finally, be swept away, by the ruthless hand of time, amid the ruins of crumbling matter, into the gulf of annihilation and oblivion.—

Indeed! one case alone proves not my Doctrine false,
No more than partial custom, sanctions German Waltz.
Amboy*, though black, 'tis true, is grac'd with form
and sense;
"Beauty in eclipse, Paragon of excellence."

*A native of Providence, remarkable for the symmetry of his form, and the intellectual beauty of his face.

A Newton in disguise, which time alone can tell;
Perhaps ere long, his thoughts may burst their secret shell;
His mind may be profound, tho' black his face as hell.

I shall say but little on the subject of Amalgamation—and shall only record the names of the miscreant Advocates of the Doctrine—

☞ COX—THOMSON—GARRISON—TAPPAN—MAY, ☜
to be held up for the contempt and execration of all rational and sensible men: their reptile satellites are too insignificant to notice; and may undisturbed, sink back into their original nonentity:—however, should we take their worthy leaders, as a standard of man—in a phisical, moral, and intellectual point of view; the negro, evidently, would not suffer in comparison, but appear conspicuously preeminent. These are the Fanatics, spoken of, in the Scriptures; as having more zeal than knowledge; and compassing both sea and land, to make one proselyte—

When COX & Co proclaim their word,
Who heeds the wisdom of the Lord?
Who black'd, indeed, the negro's face;
To mark him, as a diff'rent race.

It is high time, for these Fanatics and Incendiaries, to pause in their mad career, and consider the baleful effects of their inflamatory addresses and senseless pamphlets— the insurrections, and consequent executions, of their black brethren, which they have, and will continue, to produce, unless immediately checked by the good sense of the people; besides, jeopardizing, at the same time, the lives of all the white population at the *South—and* what should be reprobated above all, by ex-

ery good citizen, is to see those, who are called respectable Clergymen, throughout the Country, neglecting their pastoral duties, intermeddling in things with which they have no business; enlisting under the Banner of Negro Slavery; whose concern, alone, should be, and is quite sufficient, to take care of the flocks committed to their charge; and God knows there is need enough of it, even among Protestants: and I do not believe that it would be hazarding an opinion, to say, that if the conduct of many of those who call *themselves*, christians,—should be tested by the high standard of Morals, of some of the ancient Philosophers; say Socrates* and Plato, who by the light of nature alone; and without the aid of Divine Revelation; but by the effort of their gigantic intellect, taught the immortality of the soul; and so much denounced at the present day, by those who believe themselves, like the Jews, to be a favored people, and guided by a divine light, would fall far short of it, in good works and disinterested benevolence. I would not however, be understood, as not having the highest veneration, for the fundamental principles of Christianity; though I cannot refrain from saying, in sincerity; as far as my observation extends; that there is a vast difference between the actions of men, and the principles by which they pretend to be guided.

One word more on Slavery—The Public are repeatedly told by such men as Thomson and his accomplices—natives of Europe, and who have never had a residence in any part of the Southern States, that the Slaves are brutally and unmercifully abused—and where do

*To those who are unacquainted with the life; character, doctrines and death of Socrates, the most amiable of the ancient Philosophers; as he has been so frequently misrepresented, I would refer them to the dialogue of Phedon on the immortality of the soul.—See Plato's Works.

they get their information? From common report; proverbially, a liar: for neither they nor any other person can know thorougly, the manners and customs of a community, without, at least, a temporary residence among those, whose habits and manners, they attempt to portray. And even suppose, if you please, that there is among their black brethren at the South, as much abuse, and inhumanity as they would represent; and for whom they have such an overweening sympathy; why do they not like St. Paul, promulgate their doctrine of Emancipation, in person, in that section of the country, where the evil exists; and like him, to prove their sincerity in the cause, which they have espoused, be willing to suffer perils by sea and by land; and not disturb the repose of the peacable citizens of the New-England States, where the liberty of the negro, has already, degenerated into the grossest licentiousness. The reason is obvious; they dare not venture themselves there, apprehensive of the meeting with their just deserts; the loss of their head or ears—or perhaps a more elevated stand in society. I have taken every opportunity to inform myself, in relation to the condition of the Slaves, at the South, generally; and have been repeatedly told, not only by southern gentlemen themselves, but by men of intelligence and integrity, natives of New-England, who have resided a long time among them, that their condition, is preferable to many free negroes, or the inmates of a Cotton Factory—for they have nearly two days relaxation from labor in a week; nor do they work more than ten hours per day, throughout the year, when they do labor; and some of them are worth several hundred dollars; which they have made from the cultivation of a plot of ground, the common privilege of the Slaves generally: Besides, as regards the abuse of them, is there any thing proba-

ble in the statement? Even suppose the Planters had reference, merely, to their own self-interest—would it be policy, in a man, who owned Slaves, or any other animals, or would it not? To treat them kindly, to feed and keep them well and comfortable; not only to gain their good feelings, but to qualify them to discharge more faithfully their duty, and perform more labor in a given time: for what horse or ass, would be so profitable to his master; whether he wishes him for his own private use, or to let; if he kept him half-starved, and abused him? And neither do I believe it to be a principle in human nature, to wantonly abuse without any motive or inducement, so to do, any living animal, which would argue the greatest malignity and stupidity.

To conclude—Previous to the adoption of the Federal Constitution of the United States; the subject of the Right of the South, to hold Slaves, was elaborately, ably, and fully discussed, by the most distinguished Statesmen, from the different sections of the country, then in congress assembled: and the difficulty was compromised, by a concession of the North to the South of that Right—Now shall we attempt to nullify the acts of such men as—Washington—Franklin—Hamilton—Ames and others? And under no other circumstances, and on no other ground, could the Constitution, then, have been adopted; and we might perhaps, have been, even now, Colonies of Great Britain—Now shall England send over to this Country, her vagabond anti-slavery missionaries, as among Barbarians, representing things that are not true, neither can they be substantiated; to dictate to us, and construe our laws—(and where does she get the Right?)* sowing the seed of civ-

*Perhaps, from the same source, as the crowned heads of Europe, when they formed themselves into a league, and assumed the epithet of the

il discord among the people of these United States—provoking intestine divisions and civil war; laboring malignantly to destroy that sacred instrument, the Constitution—the Palladium of our civil and religious liberty, deluging the Country with blood—to triumph over our ruin? Let the people of the North enlist themselves under the Banner of Negro-Slavery—assist the English Emissaries, in emancipating the Southern Slaves—let England still continue to keep open the Irish flood-gate of moral pollution; (look at New-York, during her elections, where Free Suffrage exists) inundating the Country with her vagrant and corrupt Catholic Priests—and their base and ignorant Convicts of the Roman Catholic Religion--and we may anticipate with the fullest assurance, the period, and perhaps not far distant; when the leopard shall change his spots—the Ethiopian, his skin, the child shall harmlessly, stroke the crest of the basilisk; and the lion and the lamb lay down together.

Holy Alliance—My Countrymen—spurn with indignation and contempt the incendiary, who clothed in the garb of the philanthropist, is trampling under foot, your dearest Rights and privileges—Strip him of his hypocritical disguise; and expose the turpitude of his heart—Why does not the Government of the United States adopt some effective measures, before it is too late, to check the constant influx of European Missionaries, renegade Irishmen, and profligate Priests?

THE MISER.

[Concluded from the 34th page, 8th line from the bottom; "The Picture a Factory Village.]

Knows the world mocks, at his expense,
Which touches not, his obtuse sense.
Against its scorn, he shields himself,
By counting o'er his glitt'ring pelf.
And the sly mouse's tread at night,
Fills his vile soul with horrid fright.
Springs from his couch with dire dismay,
And hugs his Gold, till dawn of day.
E'en at the lightest breath of air,
Around his haggard eye doth glare,
And horrent stands his swinish hair.
Fancies at ev'ry whisp'ring breeze,
A robber's ghost he plainly sees.
Clasps closer in his shrivel'd arms,
The Bag which holds his glitt'ring charms.
His lab'ring bosom, heaves with sighs,
Dreaming,he opes and shuts his eyes.
He sees his house enwrap'd with fire,
The crack'ling flames ascending higher;
And hears the crashing rafters fall,
Just saves his worthless self,is all.
His ship rides out the howling storm,
And now in sight of land is come;
The crew are sav'd, but vessel lost,
Which tears his wretched soul the most.
Exhausted, sinks to fitful rest,
Ten thousand night-hags on his breast.
At him, let scorn point her finger,
While on earth he still shall linger.
And when he leaves his sordid Dust,
Let him with Pluto be accurst.

THE FLOWER OF PARADISE.

Look!—see the pretty smiling flow'r,
Which argues strange, myster'ous pow'r:
Resembles lovely thing on earth,
And born when beaut'ous Eve had birth.
Rosy, lusc'ous, soft, silken thing,
With pretty, virgin veins like ring;
The heav'nly tribute of the spring;
A worthy off'ring for a king;
Flora—a thousand others bring.
With them will deck my golden lyre,
And strew them o'er the sounding wire.
The fragrance breathes beneath the nose,
More odorif'rous than the rose.
Will wreathe them round my lady's breast,
Where young arch Cupid seeks his nest.
Will twine them round her flowing hair,
In summer, when her neck is bare;
When Zephyr breathes a murm'ring sound;
The tiny hair-bell decks the ground;
The beaut'ous landscape smiles around;
And wakes to ectacy the note,
As pour'd from mellow goldfinch's throat;
Seems on the liquid air to float;
And raise my mind to thought sublime;
Pore o'er the beauties of each clime,
Which Fancy may bring together:
And when compar'd each with other;
The little roseate Venus flow'r,
In native worth, eclipses far.
Oh! look! 'tis wither'd on my breast;
An hour's duration, e'en the best.

THE BREAKFASTS OF THE VILLAGE;

OR THE ADVENTURES OF INNOCENCE.

[Translated from the French of Marmontel.]

The First Breakfast.—The Window.

I had for a village neighbour, a little old woman, of an amiable disposition, and of a figure where one still saw all the traces of beauty. Her complexion had lost its rosy hue; it was no longer the down of the peach, but it was the polish, and even a little of the vermillion of a beautiful apple concerved during the winter. The play of her physiognomy was full of finesse and vivacity; some sparks of fire darted even yet from her eyes when they were animated; some young ladies would have envied her the sweetness and charm of her smile; and by her cheerfulness, her desire to please, the traits of sensibility which escaped her, above all the graces of her mind and those of her manners, there is no one who would not have said with Fontenelle, that *Love had passed by there.*

She had formed to herself in her village a small society of friends, who went every morning to take tea with her, sometimes in a smiling saloon, and sometimes in open air beneath a fresh bower of verdure. I was of the number of these friends. She loved to relate stories of times past, and we loved very much to hear her.

Madam, said we to her one day, all your recitals enchant us; but that of which we should be the most curious, would be, it is necessary to avow it, the history of your youth. You are not disgusted, says she to us; and in effect, if I wished, I should have much wherewith to amuse you. But I never speak of myself; and the reason is, that in speaking of ones-self we seem ever to flatter ourselves, or at least to spare ourselves, and

never does the hearer fail to diminish the good and add to the evil. We assured her that we believed it on her faith, and that each of her words should be taken to the letter. What, says she, will you never be tempted to suppose in my recitals some little concealments and supply them ?—No, never.—And as long as I shall live, you will keep for me the secret ?—Yes, as long as we shall live ourselves.—Oh! no, says she, it would be too much to expect from you; and at least ought I to permit that at my age you should relate each one to your friends, what the good madam of Closan shall have told you of her youthful follies. But I warn you that the history of them is a little long; that I shall make some pauses in it, and that we have sufficient to last for three or four breakfasts. So much the better said we to her; and, after having poured out our tea, she commenced her recital.

I was born rich without knowing it; my father a skillful merchant, had with difficulty amassed a large property, enclosed in his port-folio. I was yet a child when he died; I had now no longer a mother; I remained according to custom, at the mercy of an uncle, my tutor, and of an aunt his wife, both devout but avaricious, both of my property as well as their own. I have no need of telling you that being severe to themselves, in quality of misers, they were no less so to me.

Their first idea was that if I knew early what my fortune was, by this impression alone, and in spite of all their cares, I should be a spoiled child. This foresight was wise; but their prudence went too far; and, in order to render me more docile and to keep me more dependant, they made me believe that my parents left me nothing. Of all the jewels of my mother, this little heart of gold was the only one which they gave me. As

to the property of my father, they had taken the same care to make it productive and to conceal it from me. Thus I believed myself an object of pity to those of my relations who held me under their guardianship, and there never was a severer or more sad one. Until the sixteenth year of my age, I had scarcely ever seen the day but through my window. But at sixteen years, this window caused me to see something which was more dear to me than the day; a young and beautiful clerk of a notary who, in the morning with fair hair of the softest tinct, negligently turned back by a comb and half floating, took a moment the air at his window, opposite mine, before going to study. Imagine to yourself Apollo in his indian *robe de chambre*; this was my clerk, for from this moment he was mine; he has been so all his life; and it is of him that I am the widow: I anticipate you in relation to it and with reason.

In seeing him for the first time, all that which had until then been confused in my soul and in my thoughts, the ennui of my solitude the vagueness of my reveries, the inquietude which from the last watching pursued me in my sleep, all appeared to manifest itself. I believed to see what was wanting to my happiness. But the interval of the little court which seperated us from one another, was an abyss to leap over: our regards at least overleaped it. His surprise, his emotion, the ravishment which my sight caused him were too sensible. He must have perceived himself also the movement which I experienced, for it was involuntary, I had not time to think of it; but I am sure at least that it was timid, and mingled with that modesty which is an instinct of innocence. It was this modesty which warned me that I ought not to remain a long time at the window, opposite a young man who took pleasure in seeing me. I retired,

I made some turns in my chamber, I had the air of amusing myself with my birds; but all my movements led me back to the same point. I went, I returned, I passed like a shadow, and at every turn, I observed with a glance of the eye, if any one noticed me. My young clerk, immoveable and ravished, followed me, spoke to me with his eyes, and seemed to reproach mine for not fixing themselves alone on him.

In fine, I had the courage to steal myself from his view; but the rest of the day was to me only a dream, and the cares with which I was occupied, were unable to draw me from him I was under the eyes of my aunt, who seemed to observe me more attentively, more severely than ever. To conceal from her my trouble, I wished to read; and I saw in my book only blue eyes and fair hair. She asked me an account of my reading; I knew not what I said. I complained of a dazzling which I wished to conceal from her, for fear, said I, of alarming her tenderness; and God knows how tender she was! The day appeared long to me; I desired the night to be alone with myself, and with the hope that sleep, favorable to my reverie, would only prolong it. I prayed for it in delivering myself up to its influence, and it had this complaisance.

We were in the month of April, and at the moment of this revival, of this beautiful return of youth which nature, alas! should have granted us as well as to these beautiful vegetables! but myself I was in my spring; and my awaking was this day as early as that of aurora. Yet my young Apollo had been more diligent than myself. He waited for me at the window. In seeing him there, I knew not what said to me that there was a rendez-vous there. I was confused to find myself there; but I dissembled my embarrassment in feigning to be occupied,

as one says, only with the air of the season. He surprised, however, some one of my looks, and on saluting me, he made a sign with his eyes and a gesture which he did very handsomely. As there was no harm in that, I returned his salutation, and with a sign of the head, I agreed with him that it was fine. I have discovered since that at the age of sixteen to eighteen, when we are agreed on one point, we are soon so as to all the rest. I was then wrong, and I confess it, to agree that he did well.

Content in having engaged with me in this mute conversation, he wished to pursue it. He placed his hand on his heart, and expressed the pleasure of respiring an air so pure! I had the imprudence to imitate him again. He became more bold; and, measuring with his eyes the space which seperated us, he appeared to groan and sigh with ardor. As to the act, I understood him well, but I did not imitate him; and I reproached myself with forming an acquaintance with a young man who seemed to me assuredly of respectable birth, but of whom I knew neither the situation, nor even the name.

I kept myself close some forenoons, seeking to occupy myself, and having, in spite of myself, only a single and the same thought. By what singularity of my destiny, had this young man come to take lodgings opposite me! But for that, should I deprive myself of the only pleasure which I had in life, of the innocent pleasure of respiring the air of the morning, and of enjoying the charms of the new season? After all where was the danger? And what had he caused me to understand, this young man, for whom I should have reason to be alarmed? He finds me agreeable to look at: that is possible, said I, in consulting my little mirror of the toilet. He desires perhaps to see me more near; that besides is natural, and

I perceive nothing but what is obliging in the regret of being removed from me. Was it necessary to let him think that I was afraid of him? to avoid him, it would have been to fear him, and I did not know why I should have feared him. I took courage; and the next day I showed myself, holding in my hand a cage which I placed in my window, in occupying myself with the care of giving fresh water and chick-weed to my birds. He heard their singing, and he was charmed with it; but, with an attentive and jealous eye regarding their cage, he appeared to envy their destiny. How did I see that so far? Ah! it is only at the age of sixteen years, to perceive that which flatters, we have very good eyes! I gave myself a distracted and dissipated air; and not a shadow of the sentiments which I inspired, escaped me: neither his inquietude, nor his impatience, nor his imperceptible reproaches when I arrived too late, nor his timid actions of favors when I had the kindness to occupy myself with him, Oh! nothing was lost; and one month passed away in this happy understanding, without too much boldness on his part, without too much complaisance or rigor on mine.

One day in fine, the first day of May, the day of my fete, for I call myself Philipine, on rising I saw on his window the prettiest rose bush and the first, I believe, which the spring had caused to bloom. Immediately he came to offer it to me with an air so sweet and full of grace, that it was impossible for me not to thank him for it. The little calendar which he held in his hand, and of which he kissed respectfully the leaf, where my name was printed, said sufficient that he knew it, this name. I was less happy, for I did not know his. I inclined myself again to observe him, if he was not deceived, and *that in effect* the day of Saint Philip was my *fete*. Then

I saw him become animated, press his heart with his right hand, open it towards me with the gesture of an offering; and with his left, in sign of an oath, to take heaven as a witness of the gift which he was making me. I felt that my heart, within me, beat more strong than commonly, that a blush mounted to my cheek, and that my eyes could no longer sustain his regards; I covered my face with both my hands, and retired.

I have wondered since, how much quicker mute language goes than speech; for in fine, if Closan had spoken to me, he had scarcely dared to pass from turn to turn, from the eulogy of my beauty to the declaration of the impression which it had made on his soul; and I had been often warned never to lend an ear to the deceitful language of men who should endeavor to flatter me. But in the expression of the countenance, how suspect deception? How imagine that eyes tender and suppliant would impose on us? It is the mouth which deceives, and ours said nothing. Yet it was very clear that he had made me the gift of his heart, that he had engaged me his faith; and, if I continued to see him, I seemed to engage myself. Alone at my age, and without the consent of my parents, and without their knowledge, with a young stranger who perhaps may trifle with my innocence! all that troubled me; and I was almost resolved to shut my window. A very prudent reflection led me back to it. I have, says I, accepted from him only his bouquet; as to his other gifts, I have not refused them, but I have not received them. And why should I refuse them, if they are worthy of me? He is perhaps the husband which heaven destines me. If he is made for me, let us leave to him the hope of obtaining me and the time to demand me. He knows well on whom I depend. Let me be reserved to him; but, if he finds me

amiable, let me not pity myself on account of it. Alas! I have great need of pleasing. Poor as I am, who would espouse me without loving me? It was by these reasons that love knew how to reassure me. Ah! how dangerous love is, when he feigns to be reasonable! With this fine plan of conduct, I yielded myself to the pleasure of seeing him without longer distrusting him, or myself. His first care, on awaking, was to come and water my bouquet. He breathed its perfume; he counted the roses on it, already blown; he caused me to observe those which were but half open, and the buds which were going soon to unfold themselves; he brooded over them with his eyes, with the air of voluptiousness; and I smiled at the cares which he took daily to embellish the object of his homage; and daily without perceiving it myself, I left my eyes to repass more freely, more often over his, and to repose there longer. One day which I forgot to withdraw them from him, I know not what sudden emotion they caused him; but he placed his lips on one of my roses, and he blowed towards me the kiss which he had given it. You believe indeed, that I did not leave this audacity unpunished. I retired immediately, and I resolved to be eight days without showing myself. Eight days! Ah! my friends, what an effort of courage!

I must tell all: in rendering myself invisible to his eyes, mine had found the secret of seeing him still; and behind a curtain, but a little open, I observed him. The two first days, I saw him water it, according to custom, but with a sad and forsaken air, this rose-bush which seemed also to wither with languor. After having regarded it a long time with a dejected eye, and a hundred times unhappily turned his eyes towards the inexorable window, he went away like a repulsed suppliant. But

the third day the poor exile sank beneath it. And, after having inundated the rose-bush with his tears, after having plucked the rose on which his lips had impressed the kiss which constituted his crime, he closed his window, and I saw him no more.

In his place, two days after, I saw appear a black man, with a cane in his hand, who went and came into his chamber. Ah! it is a physician, says I to myself; he is sick, and I am the cause of it! Behold me desolate, odious to myself, and accusing myself of injustice and cruelty. How remedy the evil which I had done? How inform him that I was sensible of it? I found means to do it.

The black man returned twice a day; I watched the moment in which he would be at the window, and, with an afflicted air, I made a bow to him. He returned it, without knowing who saluted him; and I discovered that he returned towards his patient to ask him who I was. I wished no more of him.

The young man dissembled; but as soon as he was delivered from this witness, he arose, and came to see me himself. I found him pale and changed. I discovered to him on account of it, I believe, a little too much inquietude. He explained to me his illness in placing his hand on his pulse, then on his forehead, then on his heart; and then, having regarded the rose-bush with a sorrowful eye, he throws himself on his knees, and, extending towards me both his hands clasped, he asks of me pardon. A rock itself would have been softened. Immediately my tears flowed, and he saw me wipe them; judge of the excess of his joy! But I made a sign to him to go and repose himself; and, to engage him to do it, I withdrew myself. This visit was to him more salutary than those of his physician; for a few days afterwards he was convalescent.

From this moment, he was as timid as he had been rash. On my part, I was fearful and diffident; for this kiss blown into the air, from one window to another, was ever present to me; I had it on my lips, and I did every thing in my power to prevent my eyes from being attracted by him a second time. Should I have so crewelly punished him? it is what neither you nor I know, thank heaven. Whatever it might be, my heart was not put to this test; but behold a more dangerous one, and to which my rigor yielded. I have told you, that I went out little. One beautiful day however my guardians took it into their heads to take a promenade to the *Cours-la-Reine*. A game at bowls was the only spectacle which my tutor sometimes permitted himself. One passes there, said he, three hours more agreeably than at the Opera, and it costs nothing. Whilst he was amusing himself with this innocent pleasure, my aunt and myself followed slowly the wearysome, straight path of the alleys, when a woman accosts us, holding a little puppy, the prettiest in the world, and proposed to me to purchase it. I was tempted to do it, and I was about demanding the price of it; my aunt, at the first word, interrupts the bargain and dismisses the trading-woman. It was hard to see myself refused even unto the amusement of a little puppy. But poor, as I believed myself to be, I had no right to complain because they wished me to render myself thrifty with the little money which they gave me. I put on patience, and retired sadly.

But, on returning to my tutor's, what was my surprise at seeing, darting from the lodge of the portress my little spaniel, with a collar of rose-colored ribbon, where hung a little bell! I take it, I kiss it; and the portress, to whom my aunt made some questions, answers *ingeniously* that a woman came to bring her this little

animal, and told her that it was mine. My aunt scolded me, and I left her to believe that I had paid for it secretly.

Behold me then at my own home, alone with my litle puppy, seeking a name to give it, when in the folds of the ribbon of its little collar I perceived a billet. I unrolled it, and read these words: *I call myself Florette; and him, Hippolyte Closan.* Ah! it is him, says I to myself, 'tis he who, having followed me with his eyes to the promenade, and having seen me desire this little puppy, without doubt has wished to make me a present of it: I was not deceived. I have known since tha the only *louis d'or* which he had in his possession, he had employed it. This *louis d'or* was worth a thousand.

The little billet was enclosed in the golden heart which behold. There it is still, it shall never leave me. For the little puppy, I leave you to think if it had other bed than mine, or other plate than mine.

All night I dreampt only of finding out some means of testifying my gratitude. I was loved, I was sure of it; and I did not wish that one should believe me insensible to the cares of a love so attentive, so delicate and so touching. At dawn, I was at my window. Closan did not appear till after myself, and he saw me holding my spaniel against my bosom, and kissing it with an extreme tenderness. Half content and half sad, he regarded us in turn, myself first, and then the spaniel, and with an air so passionate, so envious of its happiness, that, in I know not what inebriation, what absence of my reason, I commit a folly. Unfortunately I had in my hand my little toilet mirror to finish adjusting my hair; well, since I must tell it to you, I turned the glass towards the young man, and then turning it again towards myself, I kissed it and fled. Then, with a bucc-

ing face and eyes full of tears, I fell as in an abyss of confusion and grief. Behold me, says I, forever engaged with this young unknown. I am his, I cannot deny it. He has seen me kiss his image; after this weakness, I am dishonored if I do not have him for a husband, and from that time it was decided that I should never have another.

As for him, whilst I was afflicting myself, he was transported with joy; and, in exchange for my kiss, he had sent me a thousand of them which I had not perceived. But I know not what sinister and mischievous eye had surprised them; and my aunt was informed of it.

They held a council in the house; and from that evening they made me change my apartment, without telling me the cause of it. I suspected it, but I obeyed without replying a word, for fear of accusing myself.

When I was alone in my prison, I thought of the astonishment and affliction in which my young man would be, in seeing me no more appear; and, cruelly watched, I knew no longer to what saint to consecrate myself, to cause some consolation to pass to him, when I saw arrive at my uncle's an officer of finance, which they called the protege of the cardinal, the first minister, and who demanded me in marriage for his son. It was my young clerk himself who had given him the idea of [illegible]

He was reccommended to him; and, in st[illegible] of protector, the financier had deigned to tell him that, on the occasion, he would be very happy to oblige him. Closan recalled to mind this fine promise: despairing o[illegible] seeing me any more, informed that my tutor was a rich miser, persuaded that I was reserved for some rich favorite of fortune, and seeing in his study only doubtfu[illegible] and slow means of enriching himself, he resolved to take *the most easy* route and least unfruitful of the employ

ments of finance; and he went to ask his protector to open it to him. The former abusing the facility which all suppliants have in relating their troubles, drew from him the confidence of the unhappy amour, which caused his ambition, wished to know the name of the young person; and his protege told him all except our understanding; yet left him to suspect something of it, in avowing to him that if he attained some considerable employment, he had room to believe that he should not be refused.

I will think of you, says M. de Bliancour; come again to see me one of these mornings. The young man returned penetrated with gratitude. His protector had in effect the goodness to think of him; but he deigned also to think of me. He had heard say that I was beautiful; he doubted if I should be rich; it was easy to know what property my father had left; an uncle, avaricious and without children, was still an attracting perspective; he believed to find in me what suited his son; and at first, in order to deliver him from an inconvenient rival, he sent his protege Closan to make in the province his noviciate of financier. Afterwards he came to offer for me, to my tutor, the most stupid of the children of the rich.

Judge what difference; I do not speak of the figure: God forgive that I compare a dull sketch to the elegance even of grace and beauty! But for the mind! ah! in a single glance, in a gesture of the young clerk, there was more ingenious thoughts and delicate sentiments than in all the gallantries of the insipid Bliancour. But if he had had the mind of Fontenelle, he would not have seduced mine. I refused him clearly; and I said to my uncle that at seventeen years one was not pressed to marry. He boasted to me much of the fortune of the

pretendant; I assured him that with all his opulence, this man would never please me. It is necessary then that a husband please Mademoiselle? resumed my aunt with humor. Oh well, myself, I am tired of being her surveillante. She has only to choose marriage or the convent. I preferred the convent with joy, expecting that it would be for me a less close prison.

But behold indeed sufficient for to-day, says she. I have now given you little scenes of comedy; to-morrow the breakfast will be more serious.

THE SECOND BREAKFAST.

THE CONVENT AND THE LITTLE WOOD.

When we had reassembled beneath the arbour, around the tea-table, our pretty, little, old lady then resumed:

Do you believe in the stars? Oh well, I my friends, believe in them; I flatter myself ever of having one, and you will all agree that I have reasons for it. It wished then, my star, in order the better to lead me astray and bewilder my young man, (for he had tried, in order to see me, all the means which love and folly invent) my uncle thought to lead me without noise to the abbey of *Pont aux Dames*, where he had relations.

The abbess gave him her word that I should be inaccessible and invisible to all men; and as much as it depended on her, I was what she had promised. My uncle had confided to her that I had in my head a little grain of amorous folly, of which it was necessary to cure me, said he; and love was what one calls *the black beast* of the abbess. I do not know what he had done to her; but the unhappy one could not hear the name of it without shuddering. God may have her soul! She watch-

ed me very closely; but this vigilence constrained me in nothing, for I had neither the means nor the hope of giving information of myself to the only being who occupied my mind.

He will be tired, said I, of calling me with his eyes, and, dispairing of seeing me again, he will have forgotten me. Alas! he has done well. Why can I not also forget him. I had carried with me my only consolation, the little spaniel which I had of him; and it was her who received my complaints. This pleasure was envied me; and a few days after my arrival, the abbess signified to me that it was necessary to deprive me of her. Neither my prayers nor my tears, could bend her, and the whole convent was witness of my desolation.

My dear little Florette! were they going to drown her, or abandon her to the passengers? Happily one of my companions, sensible to my grief, proposed to me, in order to mitigate it, to send Florette to her mother, and to recommend her to her. She was of Rosay, a little neighboring village of the convent; and, when her mother should come to see her, she would bring me my little spaniel; I should see it again sometimes. This was for me an inexpressible relief, and I regard as a presage the pleasure which I felt from it. I sent then Florette to the mother of my friend. The letter with which I accompanied it, would have moved you to pity. The abbess herself was affected with it; for we wrote nothing which she did not see: such was the law of the convent. Mademoiselle de Nuisy, (it was the name of the young person) was yet far from knowing what claims she had acquired to my gratitude; she did not feel the price of this treasure confided to her mother; and, when I spoke of Florette in sighing, and with tears in my eyes, she laughed at my infancy. She was very happy: she

had seen nothing from her window, which caused the torment of her heart.

You conceive the state of mine. What had become of this unhappy young man? What did he think of me? Did he still think of me? How much was he not to be pitied, if he loved me ever! And how much was I not so, if he loved me no longer. These ideas pursued me, quit me no more in sleeping than in waking; and yet the object of my inquietude was only some leagues from me.

The comptroller of the farms at Meaux, believing me ever captive at my uncle's, he was consumed with love, ambition, impatience to advance himself, and to have a fortune sufficiently honorable to obtain me from my parents.

One day in fine, the duties of his employment having called him to Rosay, and finding himself in one of those societies which constitute small villages, he sees on the knees of one of the women, who were in the circle, a spaniel wholly resembling that which he had given me. The resemblance interests him; he approaches, he caresses the little spaniel; he makes an elogy on its beauty, and in caressing it, he recognises the little bell, the collar with which he had adorned it. Ah! madam, cried he with emotion, whence have you obtained this pretty little puppy.

Madam de Nuisy asked nothing better than to relate its adventure. Alas! says she, it is through pity that I have granted it an asylum. A young person, companion of my daughter, had brought it to the convent where they are together. The rules did not permit her to keep it there. The poor child did not know to whom to confide it; she was afflicted. My daughter has a *good heart;* she could not behold her in this situation

without being affected for her; and both of them have entreated me to take care of this innocent animal, which, without me, would be forsaken. Then, in order to render her recital more touching, she caused my two letters to be read (for I had written her a second, to return her thanks for the hospitality which she had indeed wished to grant to Florette) and every one was affected by it.

I leave you to imagine the impression which they made on my young lover, so sensible proofs of the price which I attached to the gift that he had made me. In feigning to smile at the native sentiments with which my letters were filled, he asked to read them himself; and in the excess of his emotion, devouring with his eyes these characters traced by my hand, adoring this signature, *Philippine Oray de Valsan*, which he saw for the first time, he was dying with the desire to apply to it his lips. But this desire was repressed by the fear of betraying himself.

He engaged in an under tone of conversation with Madam de Nuisy, spoke to her of her daughter, made her tell all that she knew, and all which he wished to know of the convent in which I was captive. She made an ample elogy on the perfect security with which one enjoyed there innocence, on the vigilance of madam the abbess, on her extreme severity in interdicting all access, every relation as to the exterior; and the result was that an exact enclosure, impenetrable walls, grates even inaccessible, and inexorable spies seperated me from him: sad object of reflection!

I was there, he was sure of it; but an imprudent and failing attempt, be it to write to me, or to see me, was about to cause me to be taken from this convent, and remove me from him, without his being able to retrace my

steps. It was an act of heaven, the nearness of his situation to my residence; it was a still more miraculous one, the rencounter with the little puppy: but the more precious this good fortune was to him, the more difficult the management. Before attacking the place, he commenced by reconnoitring its enclosure and all the environs. No hope of penetrating it, no hope even of approaching the parlour. He discovered in fine, that, from the neighbouring farms, the young village-girls brought, sometimes, to the convent pots of cream, and sometimes flowers or fruits, which the boarders purchased at the gate. He was fair, I have told you so, and had yet on his cheeks only that down which is the flower of a beautiful complexion. He saw nothing more easy, nor more sure to do, than to disguise himself as a village-girl, and to come with a little hurdle on his head, and a basket under his arm full of pinks and roses, to present himself at the parlour of the convent. I repaired there with my companions; and, although I might not have seen Closan but from afar, those blue eyes and those auburn tresses recalled to my mind his image. The slightest resemblance would have been sufficient to attract my attention; but the more I observed him, the more I felt myself moved. In fine, whilst my companions darted on the flowers, I fixed my eyes on his; and a look of intelligence was for me a ray of light. Let me go, Mademoiselle, buy of my bouquets, says he to me in a softened voice, behold one of them which I have made with care. I took it, and in paying him, I saw in writing in that hand which he extended towards me: *It is yours.* Never did I experience such emotion. The impression which the accent of that sensible voice made on my heart, which I heard for the first time, the ravishment in which I was, *on seeing* near me these features animated with love,

these eyes all sparkling with flame; and at the same time the fright that some one of my companions or of our spies might discover what was passing in him and myself, in fine, all that which joy has the most lively, and fear the most chilling, caused me a shuddering which would have betrayed us, if the sound of the clock had not abridged the scene. My companions, happily, did not think of me. The little hurdle and the basket had a prompt sale; they spoke only of the fair girl; and I learnt that she had promised to return three days after, the eve of the *Fete-Dieu;* and bring flowers in abundance to adorn the church and altar.

Retired in my cell, delivered to my reflections, or, the better to express myself, abandoned to the delirium of my love, I admired that star which seemed to preside over our destiny; and rule us both, when on untieing my bouquet to put it in the water, I discovered, beneath the rush which knotted the flowers, a paper ribbon, on which were written these words: "Heaven loves us, my dear Philippine; it works prodigies for us. Our enemies, believing to seperate us, reunites us. I have an employment at Meaux, which is not far from here. It was at Rosay that I had learned in what place you were concealed. The severity of your abbess, in depriving you of the little puppy which you deign to love, seems to have sent him to me to discover your asylum. Love has caused me to find the means of seeing you. Our hearts are mutually known to each other. We have known that we loved each other before being able to say so. Let us both assure ourselves of an invariable constancy. Both orphans, both without fortune, but both of respectable birth, that is sufficient. My labor and a little time will furnish us a peaceable situation. Hope and courage, it is all that is necessary to love. I have

need of both; do not refuse me a word which gives them to me." And he had signed, *Hippolyte Closan.*

What inhuman would have had the power to refuse it to him, this word so desired? I endeavored to intermingle there sentiment and reason. I avowed to him that I was touched with the kindness which he still had in occupying himself with me; but I accused him of imprudence. I exposed to him the danger of an artifice which would render me the story of the convent, if it was discovered; and I finished by counselling him, for his own repose and mine, to forget an unfortunate, who existed only by the benefits of an uncle, her tutor, and who ought and wished to depend on him. To speak the truth, I hoped that my counsels would not be followed.

Three days afterwards he reappeared in the midst of a company of young village-girls, who came emulously to strew with flowers the church of the convent. The care of decorating its altar was confided to the boarders, and under the eyes of the religieuses, we were occupied with the village-girls, half of this happy day, in making bouquets, garlands and festoons.

You behold us here, my young lover and myself, on our knees at the foot of the altar, opposite each other, being no longer seperated only by a basket in which we made choice of the flowers. Both our hands fluttered about without ceasing among these flowers, without daring to touch each other. Surrounded by witnesses, in my life never have I passed moments more delicious. I had my billet to give; I slipped it under a rose; and in an instant it was seized with an admirable address. After that I was more tranquil, and I saw him go away contented. We were both of us far from foreseeing the misfortune which awaited us.

Envy is found in all situations. Among the village-

girls, the nosegay-girl of Cressy had too much distinguished herself by the beauty of her offering, and also by a certain neat, elegant and noble air, which her companions did not possess. She was observed with jealous eyes; and malignity found in her something singular and equivocal. Her form, her air, her deportment, and then her features, and then her voice, and then this soft down which began to spring forth, all that well examined gave rise to suspicions. The most waggish put to him questions which he soon eluded in taking leave of them; but, in their conversation, his person was detailed so well, that some bet that the fair one was a disguised gallant. This rumour passed even into the convent; the abbess was informed of it; and the alarm spread itself there. Judge with what inquiet curiosity my companions occupied themselves with it, and what a crowd of young imaginations went from conjecture to conjecture, I made upon myself unheard of efforts to dissemble my fright, and I ranged myself on the side of those who found the thing incredible.

All these young village-girls had promised to return *la veille de l'octave*, she of Cressy had engaged herself expressly to do so; they expected her, and yet the abbess had caused to be taken at Cressy even formidable information. I was in dispair at not having some one to confide in, in order to make known to Closan the danger which threatened us.

He returned, as he had promised, with a basket still more magnifficent, and with an air more deliberate. But this day the boarders did not go out of the cloister: the *tourieres* alone received the offerings; and the young village-girls were told that madam the abbess would thank them in the parlor. They repaired there; and, after having made an elogy on their zeal, the abbess

entreated me so humbly to say nothing of it, asked of me a thousand pardons, and in so suppliant a tone of voice, that I was patient for fear of making him an enemy to us. At last however, one day when the wretch surprised me gathering strawberries on the border of the forest, in the morning, at the time when the birds awake—Ah! unhappy, what was you going to do there? I have told you, madam, I was going to gather strawberries. But I perceive that it is late, and my mother would be in trouble. It is time that I go my way. One moment says the abbess, I wish at least to know—You shall know all madam: I will return tomorrow, and relate you the rest. But if I staid longer, my mother would scold, and you do not wish that my mother scold me. At these words she made her a humble courtesy, and disappeared like lightning.

What an adventure! said the abbess, and see to what innocence is exposed in this world! in truth, I tremble still for her; and I am anxious for tomorrow to see how she escaped from him.

The next day, she waited for the fair one with the most lively impatience; but the fair one did not return.

The abbess, then doubting no longer that she was trifled with, conceived a mortal enmity against her. She instituted at Roise the same persecutions which she had caused to be made at Cressy. The reply of the emissaries was that they had found no trace of this flower-girl; that her adventure at the convent was the tale of all the neighbouring villages, and they were persuaded there that the fair girl was a beau. I was trembling; for my companions had heard and informed me all. The perfidious! the wretch! said the abbess, he has deceived me, and with his deceptions he has thought to escape me; I will catch him again, and I will make him repent

it. Behold her seeking in her mind who this rogue could be, and which of us could have attracted him. Soon her mind was fixed on me. She knew that this love existed in my heart, of which my uncle had made her a confidante. She wrote to him the adventure, and gave him the description of this dangerous seducer. My uncle, struck with the resemblance, went immediately to know of Bliancour where he had placed the young clerk. At Meaux, says the financier to him. At Meaux! you have done a fine piece of work! says my uncle. It was near Meaux that I had concealed my pupil. He has found it out, and has unnestled her; you are about to see what has happened; the abbess informs me of it.

Bliancour, already piqued with the disgrace of his son, was still more so at the oversight which they had committed, my uncle and himself, without the knowledge of either, in reproaching me with the prefered rival; and to deliver himself more surely from his pursuits he resolved to have him shut up. The first minister was an old prelate who caused others to perform his penance for the little faults of his youth; and our enemy had near him more credit than was necessary to overwhelm an innocent

The audacity of the young man who, by the favor of a fete , and under the appearance of zeal to decorate the altars, had slipped in, disguised as a girl, into a convent, to surprise there a young orphan, whom he had already pursued into the house of her tutor; this audacity was presented to the cardinal as a criminal profanation, in the highest degree. The old man was still sufficiently kind in seeing only libertinage in that which the casuists of his council called sacrilege; and a few years in Saint Lazarus appeared to him a chastisement sufficiently severe for a fault for which he found excuse

for his amorous recollections. Closan then saw himself carried away, and he was conducted to Saint Lazarus.

The abbess had not yet revealed my secret, and had not even testified to me that she was informed of it; but in presence of the whole convent, she announced that the rash one was punished, and named the house in which he was about to be shut up. At the name of Saint Lazarus, I grew pale, I shuddered, I saw that all eyes were fixed on me, and that my grief betrayed me. Well yes, I cried in letting fall my tears, I am the cause of it, and there is nothing criminal in the intentions of this unfortunate.

For you, Mademoiselle, you are innocent, I have no doubt of it, says the abbess to me; and, the proof that I believe it, is that you are still here. But do not pretend to justify an impious seducer, a sacrilegious profaner, since you compel me to say in what point he is criminal. My tears redoubled; and, in spite of the haughtiness which I opposed to my humiliation, I could not resist it; I conjured the abbess to obtain from my uncle that he would give me another asylum. She promised it me: but be it that she hoped to calm me, be it that my tutor gave himself leisure to shut me up more closly, be it in fine that, to subdue me, he wished to exhaust my courage, they left me to sigh and consume myself with grief. It was no longer the grate, it was no longer the walls of the convent which constrained me; it was the walls of Saint Lazarus: I bore on my heart the whole weight of the chains and the bolts which enclosed this young innocent. It was there that an unjust power crushed with rigor him whose only crime was to have loved me too much. I saw him alone, desolate, desperate, forcing perhaps, in the access of his grief, his *gu rdians to* exercise over him their inflexible cruelty

At this picture without ceasing present to my mind, I inundated my bed with my tears, I filled my cell with my groans which it was necessary to suppress. My prison became to me horrible; I resolved to get out of it. I succeeded in it to the peril of my life; and the cords of the gardener, carried off one evening from his house, knotted like the steps of a ladder, hung at my window, and to the branches of a tree, whose last limbs extended themselves beyond the walls, were the dangerous means which I employed to make my escape. But, having escaped this danger, and free at last in the campaign, at the peep of dawn, what was about to become of me? that was the greatest concern. I had more than once heard speak in the convent of an old curate of the neighbourhood, the most mild, the most indulgent, the most officious of men. He was the curate of Mareuil. They had shown me his village, and the way to it. My design was to go and throw myself at his feet, and ask of him an asylum, and confide to him the courageous resolution which I had taken; but it was necessary, without being perceived, to arrive there, and I had no longer the time. The labor of my escape had employed the hours of the night; and, when in fine I saw myself free beyond the walls of the convent, the dawn of day, shedding its light upon me, caused me to be seized with a new terror. The people of the campaign would see me, denounce my flight; they would arrest me, to lead me back to my prison; What shame for me! what crime will they not attribute to me for having escaped from it! wretched! it was nothing to see myself again a captive, I was about to see myself dishonored. My courage abandoned me; I burst into tears. In weeping, I invoked heaven, I took it as a witness of the innocence of my heart; and falling on my

knees, I recommended to it, a poor orphan reduced to the last dispair.

On offering up my prayer, I observed, on the side of Quincy, a little wood very thick, and it came into my mind to conceal myself there until the following night. I shall find there some water, said I to myself, and I will endure hunger. I set off towards the wood; and, after having well concealed myself, I respired, seated on my little packet, and returning thanks to heaven for having offered me this refuge. Would you believe it? I experienced even a little joy in hearing there the singing of the birds; and all those ideas of liberty, of love and happiness, which their voice awakes in the soul, came to plunge mine into a soft reverie! I took pleasure in seeing the little young hare and his family, sporting around me—

And pay to Aurora their court
Amidst the thyme and the dew.

I did not foresee that this would be to me the cause of one of the most terrible dangers which at my age one could run.

A game-keeper, his gun under his arm, crosses the plain, and advances towards the wood where I was concealed. Young and neat, he was going at a step to catch me very quick, if I had wished to fly; and I had not the strength. Terrified at his approach, I sunk still farther forward into the thickness of the foliage, and there I kept myself immovable, without daring to respire. The risk of being hit with the mortal lead did not come into my mind; the fear of being perceived occupied me entirely.

The hunter rambled some time around me, and suddenly I saw him aim directly towards the thicket in which I was. He discharged his gun, the lead whistled *around me;* and, in a movement of invincible fright, I *screamed.* Behold me betrayed.

The guard, almost as terrified as myself in seeing me, cries out, and asks me if he has not wounded me. No, thank heaven, says I to him. Yes, truly, thank heaven says he to me in reassuring himself. Then he regarded me with a surprised and satisfied air. What a loss, says he, and what regret, if I had killed so pretty a turtle-dove! And what does she do in this wood? Does she expect there her young turtle-dove? This familiar tone displeased me. You see, says I to him, an orphan whom misfortune pursues, and who endeavours to escape it. I wait here the night. The night! says he in smiling, the night, in a wood, at your age! and whence come you?—From a convent where they retained me a captive.—And where have you the intention of going?—At an old man's who is not far from here, and who will treat me as a father.—Who is he, this old man? I am acquainted with the whole neighbourhood.—Pardon me, that is my secret.—Your secret, I divine it, my beautiful child, it is love. Hold, these adventures of the convent all resemble each other. There is always love in the game. Yes, I will wager that you have some lover whom they forbid your seeing, and that it is for this you have escaped. Agree to it in good faith.—In finding me here, you have a right, says I to him, to imagine all you please; but heaven is my witness that there is nothing but what is honorable and innocent in my conduct.

During this conversation, his eyes were fixed on mine. I was seated, he was standing. His countenance was bold; and yet his air and his look had I know not what of inquiet and irresolute: he kept silence some time, immovable and pensive, both his hands supported on his gun; and myself, intimidated with his attention, kept silence also. What age are you? asked he—seventeen years.—Seventeen years! And you have lost father and

mother? Alas! yes.—Are you rich?—No.—Myself, I am at ease; I am a bachelor, and if you wanted only a good husband.—I am obliged to you; but I have no design of disposing thus of myself; I am going for some time yet, to retire into another convent.—Pshaw, the convent! nothing is so gloomy. Go, mademoiselle, the small house of a game-keeper, a good liver, is worth a thousand times more, without boasting myself, than the most beautiful convent in the world. And he was going to make me a picture of the joyous life which we should lead there.

I abridged the conversation, intreating him to leave me and to continue his chase. Myself, says he, leave you here alone until night! that is impossible. You are, my faith, too pretty to be abandoned. I will not quit you, and this evening I will accompany you. No, says I to him, you must leave me, or I will go away myself, at the risk of being taken and led back again to my prison.—You have then indeed fear of me?—No, but I know that it is not proper to be here alone with a man.—And who will take care of you, if I go away?—Heaven, which takes care of innocence.—It will do well; for, as to young girls, they are not safe in the woods. And he regarded me still with eyes more animated. Leave me then, says I to him with earnestness. I have entreated it of you, I have conjured you on my knees. Then he appeared to take his resolution. Do you wish it? says he; let me go, I must obey you. But the journey is long; have you provisions? —Alas! no, I have nothing. I am going then to leave you the bread and wine of my breakfast. I desire it indeed, says I to him, if you will permit me to pay you for this good office. I had drawn my purse; but he had the nobleness obstinately to refuse the money which I presented him. I thanked him;

and, as the last favor, I asked of him silence. Oh! for silence, says he in smiling, you must pay me for it; and I do not wish less for it than this little heart of gold which hangs there on this pretty bosom. I should not know how to part with it, says I to him, it is a present from my mother. I have however a great desire of it, resumed he with sparkling eyes! permit me at least to kiss it. And in saying these words, he extended towards it his hand. I recoiled with terror.

On seeing me grow pale, he stopped; and after a moment's silence: Mademoiselle, says he to me in a voice interrupted and almost extinct, I am young, but I am an honorable man; yes, I am so, and wish to be so. Adieu, it shall never be me who will abuse the condition in which you are. But do not sleep in this wood; no, believe me, do not sleep there. I will rove around all the adjacent parts until night, to guard you; but it shall be at a distance. Adieu, you will see me no more.

I have reflected since on the violent situation in which I had seen the soul of this young man, the alteration of his voice, the fire which animated his countenance; and which darted from his eyes; the fixed and devouring regard, which he kept fastened on the little, golden heart which hung on my neck; and I have admired the resolution with which he withdrew himself from me, in throwing at my feet his cup and shepherd's scrip. Many heroes would not have perhaps been so magnanimous; and I doubt if the continence of Scipio, of which so much has been said, was more worthy of elogy than that of my game-keeper.

I dined on his gifts: and, the fatigue of the night having subjected me to some hours sleep, I yielded myself up to it. In fine, night having arrived, I took the route of Mareuil.

We shall arrive there tomorrow; for I have made to day, says she, a sufficiently long course: I have need to repose myself.

THE THIRD BREAKFAST.

THE PARSONAGE AND THE HOSPITAL.

I was trembling at the door of the parsonage, resumed Madam de Closan, when the breakfast-circle was seated in the parlour. Young, fugitive, escaped from my convent, should I dare to appear before a venerable curate? What would he say of me? and what could I say to him of myself? The simple truth. This word reassured me. I knocked. An old woman came to open the door: What do you ask? says she to me.—I wish to speak to Monsieur the curate.—At this hour?—At this hour even. They told me that for him there was no undue time, when the unhappy had recourse to him. They have told you the truth, resumed she. Immediately I was introduced.

The curate received me with surprise, but with his air of kindness. Sir, says I to him, begin, I entreat you, by desiring this female to tell no one that I am in your house. He recalled his house-keeper, speaks to her two words very low, and returned to assure me that I might be tranquil.

Monsieur, resumed I then, protect me. I am an orphan unhappy in the extreme. If you abandon me, I have no longer the courage to support life. It is the reputation of your virtues and of your indulgence which leads to your feet Philippine Oray de Valsan.

The resolution of dispair which he saw depicted in my countenance moved him profoundly. He commenced by calming me, promises me every kind attention;

and afterwards he asked me where I belonged.—At Paris.—whence I came?—From Pont-aux-Dames.—Why I had escaped from this convent?—To pass into another, as holy, and more agreeable to my desires. It was there that I expatiated. I wish, says I to him, to devote myself to the service of the unhappy: my situation teaches me that there is nothing more sacred in the world. I am poor, but I am proud, and I wish to be free. There is an order which the most virtuous, the most sympathetic of men, a man whom you resemble, Vincent de Paul, has instituted for the relief of the poor; it is the order of the *Soeurs-Grises*. I have never heard them spoken of without commiseration and veneration.

I know nothing more noble than the devotedness of these females; it is among them that I wish to conceal myself; and for that, Sir, I have need of your assistance. Do a good deed in deigning to recommend me there, I dare not ask, to present me there yourself.

He did not wish to fatigue me to tell him more; and after having made me take a little nourishment, he sent me to repose myself. The next day, I related to him a part of what you are about to hear, but with a sensibility, a naivete which no longer suits my age, and which interested him.

He had regarded me with pity in listening to me; and when I had finished: At present, says he to me, do you wish that I should explain to you your vocation? The young man is at Saint Lazarus, and you wish yourself to be nearer to him. Nothing is more true, says I to him; my most pleasing hope would be to let him know that I am there. I shall be there all the time of his detention; I will employ it, this time, to merit, by kind deeds, being a happy wife and a happy mother; and, when he shall be free, I shall be so myself; for, agreeable to the

rule of the good Vincent de Paul, one is engaged only for a year. In fine, if I can be united to my lover, God will permit that I ask of him at the altar this recompense for the cares which I shall have taken of my poor patients. If on the contrary they take from us all hope of being united, the condition which I shall have embraced, will be my consolation.

This manner of charming the ennui of absence by no means displeased the curate of Mareuil.

But why says he to me, not signify to your relations this laudable resolution? They would treat it as a folly, an amorous vexation, says I to him; they would have him punished who is the cause of it, and they would be besides very cruel to envy us the pleasure of knowing ourselves to be near each other. I have told you, they regard only gold; and the crime of my lover is to have none. Take me from their hands or I answer no more in relation to myself.

My child, says he to me, if you had a father and a mother, all the pity with which your situation inspires me, would not dispense me from restoring you to their hands: you are an orphan, and the rights of a tutor are not, I avow it, so sacred to me. What I am going to do for you does not permit to be imprudent; and, although my age and character give my conduct sufficient gravity, I feel that I expose myself to a malignant censure: But *less prudence and more kindness* has ever been my devise; and the courage of doing well is not courage for nothing. You ask the most sacred asylum, you wish to embrace the most virtuous situation; I shall second this pious and courageous design. Remain here concealed. When I shall believe that they have ceased enquiry and pursuit, I will lead you to the novitiate of *the heroines* of Charity, and I will present you there myself.

In effect, a few days after, I was received there under its auspices, as an orphan of whom heaven had, said he, committed to him the care.

Behold me then a nun, a few paces from my lover. But this relation of one house to the other, with which my hope was flattered, was severely and absolutely interdicted; and the time of my noviciate, wholly occupied, from minute to minute, with the sacred functions of my new state, did not permit me an instant's relaxation and liberty. My only and sad consolation was to look near the walls where groaned the only object of my thoughts.

But the good curate of Mareuil had not forgotten us.

The rumor of my escape, which had filled the neighbourhood, having rendered little Florette celebrated, had recoiled on this innocent animal. Madam de Nuisy haughtily disavawed me: My daughter was by no means connected, said she, with this young person; it is only through pity that we have had the complaisance to take care of her little puppy; and to have nothing which may come from her, I will give it to any one who wishes it. Give it to me, says the good curate, who fortunately happened to be there; and he was also its refuge. But this was the least of the services which he rendered us.

The diocess of Meaux is connected with the diocess of Paris; and in the former, my venerable old man had for a friend, a curate of his own character. Shall you not be this lent, at the retirement of Saint Lazarus, asked he of this curate? If you are, remember a young man called Closan, who, for an imprudence of which they have made a crime, is captive in that house. Speak well of him, endeavor to mitigate, and abridge his punishment; see that they do not change his disposition, for I answer that he is of respectable birth; and inform

him, if it is possible, that he will find a comforter, a friend in the old curate of Mareuil.

These words faithfully expressed to the principal of Saint Lazarus made an impression so much the more favorable, as they came from an old man known and revered for the sanctity of his manners, and as the young man himself in his prison had rendered himself interesting.

The principal caused him to be called, asked him if he was a relation of the curate of Mareuil. He replied that he had not the honor of knowing him. You have however, says the lazarist to him, a true friend in this venerable pastor. Afterwards he made him recite our little romance; and Closan was as sincere as was permitted him to be so. The pious lazarist thought it would be well to inform the Cardinal of it; and this minister, who did not abhor amorous stories, listened to this with some interest. Well says he to the principal, some months of correction is sufficient for a folly of youth. At this age one is so frail! We recollect it, my father, you and myself. Closan was set at liberty.

His first care, as you will imagine, was to go and return thanks to his liberator, and to know of him what had passed in the convent since his absence. On entering into the parsonage, the first object which presented itself to his view, was Florette. Ah! you will ever be for me a good omen, cried he, and he was holding it in his hands, when the curate came to him.

Generous old man, says he to him, you to whom I owe liberty, and perhaps more than life, you whose kindness extends itself even to this little puppy, you will tell me, without doubt, news of its mistress, and if she is yet a prisoner in the convent of the *Pont-aux-Dames?* She is there no longer, says the good curate

to him.—Her tutor then has taken her out to shut her up somewhere else?—No, she is free: she is no longer in his power; she is in safety.—You overwhelm me with joy. And what is her asylum?—It is what I have not time to tell you; first I must know what you are about to do.—Alas! and do I know myself? I have lost my employment; and he who gave it me, will he deign still, after my imprudence, to interest himself in me? I am going to find him again, for there is my only hope. But in mercy, complete your kindness, by informing me where all that which I love respires.—She is well; she expects you. If you knew more, you would commit new follies. It is to which, if you please, I do not wish to contribute. You are young, you have courage and talents; procure yourself a situation in which you may live decently, and with people of respectability; then she is yours. It is all I can tell you; and that said, my dear pupil, repose yourself, and let us dine gaily.

Closan, the same evening, wished to return to Paris, to solicit an employment; and, in taking leave of his generous benefactor, he recommended to him Florette. Yes, as long as I live, I will take care of her, says the curate; and, if I die, I will see that she still be taken care of well. If you die, I will live no longer, says Closan to him; for you will have carried away the secret to which my life is attached. Truly, says the curate, you make me think of it: I was going to be cruel in making you run this risk; but I will guarantee you against it. Having left him alone then some minutes, and returning to him with a billet concealed: Your secret is in there, says he to him; this billet, if I happen to die, will inform you of the place in which she is concealed, Philippine Oray de Valsan. But I exact your word that the billet shall not be opened until after my death. At present it

is for you to see if you feel the force of being the depository of it; or if you prefer rather that it should be, as I promise it, committed to the hands of the notary whom you shall name to me. Choose: I confide it to you, if you answer for yourself.

O best of men, says Closan to him in throwing himself on his knees, you do my probity an honor of which I feel the value, and I dare believe worthy of it. But at my age, when the heart is full of a violent passion, there would be temerity in presuming too much on my own strength. There are situations in which one is no longer master of himself. This billet you say will cause me to find again Philippine Oray de Valsan; but I must not open it until you are no more. Well! I do not wish to confide it to myself. You have the nobleness to offer me the charge of it; I have that of refusing it. Let it be committed to the hands of the notary with whom I have been employed; and he named him to him. It was then that the good curate applauded himself with joy for what he had done for him.

I have no need to tell you with what rigor Closan was received by the ferocious Bliancour. He deigned to see him only to declare to him that he would do nothing more for him; and his door was shut to him. Yet he had manifested in his employment, zeal and intelligence, the *bureaux* by which he was known obtained that he should be established, but he was badly so and as distant as possible, on the confines of Savoy, in the mountnins of the *Dauphine*. This moderate and painful employment was scarcely sufficient for the necessities of an obscure and solitary life; and he would never have thought to offer me so severe a situation: but this ruling star, in which I have so much faith, followed us, him on his mountains, and myself in the pilgrimage which they prescribed to me on issuing from my noviciate.

It was by the *Sœurs-Grises* that the hospital of Embrun was served: and it was there that they had sent me. Still young, my superintendants gave me there only the most modest duties to fulfill. For example, one of my cares was to prepare the salutary drinks and carry them to the patients, being well understood that in presenting them, I had a veil over the eyes.

One day as I was approaching the bed of a young man oppressed, consumed with an ardent fever.—Do you start? Oh! yes, it was the same, himself; for I do not wish to surprise you: chagrin, fatigue, long wakefulness, had inflamed his blood; and too ill at ease, too much forsaken at home, to remain there in this situation, the unfortunate had recourse to our cares; he had taken in the hospital, a particular chamber, as honest citizens frequently did. One day when I presented myself, with a cup in my hand and my veil lowered, I saw him turn aside his head, and with his arm he pushed away languishingly the cup which I presented him. It is necessary, says I to him, to try to overcome this repugnance: a moment of disgust is nothing to the price of health which this beverage can restore to you: a little courage. Ah! says he, I have the courage to die and I have need of no other. Leave me. I had heard his voice only twice or three times in my life, and yet, although enfeebled, although altered by pain, it made on me an impression, but a confused impression. He would have been able to recall to mind, mine, although he might have scarcely heard it; but, for him as well as for myself, the improbability removed too far the idea of the truth. This was then only by a sentiment of humanity that I said to him: Sir, in the name of that which is most dear to you in the world, do not refuse me. That which I have most dear in the world, says he to me, is lost to

me; I shall see her no more; or if I see her again, it will be in the arms of another. Leave me, leave me to die.

At these words, I felt my emotion redouble, but without yet daring to hope that which I should have so much desired; and, with a voice almost as extinct as his: Why, says I to him, do you wish to believe that she is ravished from you? Perhaps at the moment even that you wish to die for her, she dares hope of seeing you again and of living for you.

Consoling angel, says he to me in turning his head again towards me, it is then little, the wishing to recall me to life, you essay besides to recall me to happiness! It is here that it is impossible for me to give you the idea of what I experienced in finding again my only blessing, and in finding him again in this bed of sorrow.

My first movement would have been to raise my veil. But in the state of feebleness in which I saw him, the commotion of a surprise so sudden might have deprived him of life. I restrained myself, and this effort which I made on myself was so violent, that I was overwhelmed by it. My knees sunk under me, the cup trembled in my hand. Happily my superintendant, sister Therese, on approaching us, restored to me my courage. She represented to the patient that this beverage was necessary to him; and myself, resuming my spirits: Do it, Sir, says I to him, at least for the love of her. Ah! for the love of her, says he, what would I not do. At these words he seized the cup, and drank it at a single drought without any sign of disgust.

My companion was pleased with the mildness with which I spoke to the patients: it is by the sensibility that one manifests to them, says she to me, that one begins to assuage them: it is the soul very often that it is neces-

sary to cure as the sickest, above all at the age in which this one is.

I believed to behold in this rencounter the most evident mark of the favor of heaven; and, as soon as I was alone, I rendered thanks on my knees, with the effusion of a heart penetrated with gratitude. But what was most sweet to me, was to foresee to what degree Closan would be affected with the virtuous means which I had taken to remain faithful to him, and to preserve myself for him.

Sister Therese having remarked with what docility the patient obeyed me, left me to take care of him, but ever under her eyes and as an assiduous inspector. Ah! it was not this time that my employment was meritorious. And what duty, great God! had been preferable to that of watching near the bed of my lover?

At the second potion which I presented him: Is this besides, says he to me, for the love of her?—Yes, it is for the love of her again.—Ah! at least, if she knew it! If she knew that it is the chagrin of being seperated from her which devours me, and which has placed me in the state in which I am! My sister, in expiring, I will name her to you; you will go visit a good curate by whom she is known, and let him inform her that I died adoring her. What was my virtue! or rather what was the strength which the fear of causing him to expire if I unveiled myself gave me! I had that inconceivable strength. No, you shall by no means die, says I to him. But some day she shall know all which you have suffered, and her heart shall have an account of it from yourself. She will know with pleasure above all, the care which you shall have permitted us to take of the days which are consecrated to her. Yes, says he, *consecrated* even to the last sigh; and he extended his hand *to receive* the cup.

But, whilst I was leaning to present it to him, my veil withdrawing itself from my face, permitted him to have a glimpse in the shadow; and he with a sudden movement, finished removing it, this veil which betrayed me, God! great God! it is her! At these words I believed to see him expire beneath my eyes. In my turn, I uttered a shriek. My companion ran to me, and found us, he swooned with feeblenees, and myself pale and chilled, extended at the foot of his bed.

The first care of sister Therese, was to reanimate her patient; afterwards she aided me to recover from this swoon, which she reproached me with, as an excess of feebleness, unworthy of a situation in which it was necessary, say she, to familiarize one's self to pain and death.

In fine, Closan was restored to life; his eyes reopened on me. Powers of heaven! what a look! No, I shall never forget it He expressed the rapture of a soul which would have wished, to pass into my bosom, to detach itself from this fainting body which it scarcely animated. He was some moments without recovering the use of speech; and as soon as he was able to speak: Reassure yourself, says he to sister Therese; it is a crisis which I have just experienced, and I feel that it is salutary. These words restored me to life. But after this swoon, sister Therese and the phisician believed that he ought not to be exposed to the danger of such an accident, without having forearmed him with spiritual aid; and it was announced to him.

He received the advice with serenity. It is an august ceremony, says he to us, you will assist in it, my sisters: your cares are to me so soft, so precious! We promised him, both, to keep by his side; and his *eyes,* in returning us thanks, anticipated me confusedly in what was about to take place.

This religious duty having been piously fulfilled, the patient, addressing his speech to the priest who was about to draw upon him the attention of heaven: Sir, says he to him this moment, the most precious of my life, ought to be marked by my most sacred, my most solemn engagements. Deign to receive them. I swear before God, whose majesty surrounds me, that I wish to live only to sanctify at the altar the love with which I am consumed; I swear to her who is the object of it, to respire only for her, and, if she consents to it, to be united to her, even unto the tomb. My sister, added he in holding me by the hand, do you wish indeed to receive it for her, this faith which I engage to her perhaps at my last moment? My companion, who believed to see the commencement of a delirium, tells me to give him my hand, and not to counteract him; and all made signs that it was the prelude of a violent access. Sir, says he to the priest, you have understood me. Whether I live or die, I come in the presence of heaven, in the presence of sacred things, I come to take for wife, Philippine Oray de Valsan; and the audience is my witness that she accepts me for a husband.

The name of Valsan, which my father had taken, was not known by the Sœurs-Grises; but my true name, the name of Oray, like that of Philippine, was known: Therese was struck with it. O heaven! says she to me, quite low, it is you whom he has named! I kept silent whilst we had witnesses; but when we were alone: What do you wish? says I to her; heaven leads me here to find, on the border of the tomb, the lover whom I believed to have lost: was it necessary to give him death? was it necessary to refuse to restore to him life? My sister, do not betray me. If he should die, I devote myself to the service of the poor, and I will live only for

them. But if we can save him, permit what heaven wishes, since by a prodigy, it has reunited us. We saw him again the same evening. I told him that Therese was in our confidence, and that she would respect the sanctity of our engagements; that I was going to instruct our good curate of Mareuil of it, and intreat him to obtain of my uncle that he himself would consent to it.

This was the true balm which, flowing in his veins, healed the wounds of his heart, appeased the ardor of his fever, and led him back insensibly to life and health.

Even until his convalescence, my companion, as a third with us, was witness of the courage with which this good young man, who believed me as poor as himself, promised to overcome misfortune by his labor and constancy, in asking of me a thousand and a thousand times pardon for not having treasures to offer me Ah! that was one, his heart.

He was not yet re-established, when the curate of Mareuil having recived my letter, repaired to Paris, to the house of my tutor, introduced himself to him, and, with the eloquence of reason and kindness, having disposed him to hear him: Sir, added he, it is not a vain opinion, that some marriages are beforehand written in heaven; and of this number was that of our niece, with this young man whom you have so severely, so unjustly pursued. In spite of yourself, and without their knowledge, what they call destiny, and what I call Providence, has, without ceasing, led them one towards the other: in fine, by all which is most holy, most inviolable, they are engaged to each other. They ask of you your consent.

Where then is this fool? demanded my uncle. Where is this ravisher? Leave invective, says the pastor, it is *unjust;* and, when even it should be more merited, it

would be tardy and would remedy nothing. Your pupil is innocent, and nothing is more pure than her heart. The young man is more than innocent, he is virtuous. Their love is already without spot before God; and, when it shall please you, it will be so before man.—Attach no blame to that which the most tender piety has sanctified.

I have told you so, my uncle was devout. Sir, says he to the curate, I have fulfilled my duties as tutor, I have fulfilled them as an honest man; and what I have done to save my pupil from her aberrations, I believe it irreprehensible. As for her, I cannot look at her with the same eyes as yourself; pardon my sincerity. You think a young person innocent who, at the age of seventeen years, escapes from the convent in which her relations have placed her, and runs after a lover? Your moral is not severe. You think it well that, without the consent of her tutor, she engages her faith; and this engagement appears to you sacred. I humble myself before you: your station and your white hairs impose on me silence, and command of me respect.

Sir, replied the good curate to him in smiling, I shall by no means establish as a maxim my indulgence. I am severe when I ought to be so. But to all rules, even to the most inflexible, it is necessary to reserve some exceptions, and this is one of them. Your neice has escaped from a convent, to go and take, in a hospital still more holy, the habit and condition of a *Sœur Grise*. It is near the bed of the sick that she has passed three of her most beautiful years; it is in the recess of the Dauphine, occupied in serving the poor, that she has found again her lover on the brink of the grave. The unhappy one has recognised her, and believing himself at his last hour, in presence of the living God, he has giv-

en her his faith. It is thus that she has received him; and it is what you and myself ought to call religious and holy.

My tutor confounded, then took the tone of excuse. I have wished, says he, I avow it, to procure for my niece an advantageous marriage. But in fine, since she prefers a foolish love to all other blessings, and there is nothing wanting to complete her happiness but my consent, I give it to her. It is all which she asks of you, resumed the curate: poverty, of which so many have fear, by no means terrifies her: they will both have either the courage to overcome, or the patience to bear it: a *Sœur Grise* ought to know how to be poor. No, Monsieur curate, says my uncle with a sigh—No, she is by no means poor. I am going to restore to her, her property. What do you call her property? says the curate. Has she some? Yes, she has! resumed my uncle with grief. She has a hundred thousand crowns ready money, of which the third part has been the product of the labor of her poor father. The rest is the fruit of the savings which I have practised for her twelve years. Behold cares well employed! One hundred thousand crowns! says the curate with astonishment. Alas! yes, says my uncle even more afflicted. One hundred thousand crowns in gold! Judge, Sir, what a marriage she would have made if she had taken my advice, and what regret this must be to me to give her to a young man who has nothing. But she has wished it, the unhappy one! Let heaven be praised, and let her come to receive it, this inheritance: it is hers; I have faithfully preserved it for her.

The curate, who has since related to us this scene, could not help smiling in recalling to mind the desolation of my uncle, and the contrast of his sighs with the

joy which it caused him. Console yourself, Sir, says he to him, with the fortune of your niece; she will make a good use of it. She will by no means forget the vow which she has made of being the sister of the poor, and the succour of the unfortunate. He demanded quickly of my superiors to recall me to Paris, where great interests required my presence. At the same time he wrote to our young convalescent to come and find him as soon as he should be re-established.

Closan arrived alone, I followed him soon, and the year of my vows passed away, leaving me free. The curate came to take me, and led me to the house of my tutor. We found him softened. His neighbor, the notary, had made to him the most consoling elogy of his clerk. It was still by the curate of Mareuil that this good office was performed to us; for in depositing the bil- of which I have spoken, in the hands of the notary, he had informed himself of the conduct, of the character, and of the manners of this young man; and, having learned nothing which might be unfavorable, he had entreated the notary to employ his cares in destroying the prejudices of my tutor.

It was by this same notary that his pupil was presented; and it was he who, under the eyes of my uncle and of the good curate, directed the act of my happiness.— My uncle there assured me his inheritance; and promised me to dissipate none of it: he has kept his word to me. I do not wish to forget saying that Florette was one of the witnesses to the contract.

The curate had concealed from both of us the secret of our fortunes. But both of us knew the secret of our hearts; and that would have been sufficient for us. The other, it is necessary to avow it, added to it however something. Ah! cried Closan, when he heard announced the

hundred thousand crowns inheritance, she will then have every thing to her wishes! But I shall be much more happy, much more illustrious than her; for she will owe me nothing, and myself I am going to owe her every thing. I by no means admit, says I to him, this afflicting difference. We have married ourselves poor; there falls from heaven a shower of gold, we gather it together: behold us both rich!

Thus was formed this tie. Three children happily born have been the fruits of it: they have inherited from their father; and, when my ashes shall be mingled with his, they shall have what he has left me. What he has left me, my friends, is the estate on which we are. As soon as my husband had acquired it, he called there the game-keeper of the little wood. He established him there; and, surrounded by his children, this brave man has grown old near us, with us: he still lives; you have seen him; it is this house-keeper with white hairs; his children occupy my farms.

The abbess was informed of my marriage; she blesses heaven for it. Mademoiselle de Nuisy married after myself, and was my intimate friend. My sons have married her daughters: the good curate, who in his old age, had cometo repose himself near me, will bless them before dying. They have fulfilled their vows and mine; they are happy together. May they be so as long a time as we have been! It is all I wish them. But let them guard themselves well from shutting up their children! for love which comes in at the door is less dangerous than that which enters by the window.

THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

BY MARMONTEL.

[Translated from the French.]

In the mountains of Savoy, not far from the route of Briancon to Modane, is a solitary valley, whose aspect inspires travellers with a pleasing melancholly. Three hills, in the form of an amphitheatre, where are scattered from distance to distance, certain cabins of shepherds, torrents which fall from the mountains, groves of trees planted here and there, pastures ever verdant, constitute the ornaments of this rural place.

The marchioness of Fonrose was returning from France to Italy with her husband. The axle-tree of their carriage broke, and as the day was on its decline, it was necessary to seek in this valley an asylum to pass the night. As they advanced towards one of the cottages which they had perceived, they saw a flock which was taking the same route conducted by a shepherdess whose gait astonished them. They still approach, and hear a celestial voice, whose plaintive and touching accents caused the echoes to sigh.

"With what a mild light shines the setting sun! 'Tis thus, (said she,) that at the term of a painful career, the soul exhausted goes to re-unite itself in the pure source of immortality. But, alas! how distant is the term, and how slow is life!" In uttering these words, the shepherdess withdrew, her head inclined, but the negligence of her attitude seemed to give still to her form and movement more nobleness and majesty.

Struck with what they saw, and still more with what they heard, the marquis and marchioness of Fonrose hastened their step to overtake this shepherdess whom they admired. But what was their surprise, when, under the most simple coif, the most humble dress, they beheld all the beauties reunited! My daughter, says the marchioness to her, in seeing that she avoided them, fear nothing; we are travellers whom an accident compels to seek among these cabins a refuge until day: will you be so kind as to serve us as a guide? I pity you, madam, says the sherpherdess to her in casting down her eyes and blushing; these cabins are tenanted by the unhappy, and you will be ill-lodged. You lodge there without doubt yourself; resumed the marchioness, and I can well endure the inconveniences which you suffer always. I am made for that, says the shepherdess with a charming modesty. No, certainly, says M. de Fonrose, who could no longer dissemble the emotion which she had caused him; no, you are not made to suffer, and fortune is very unjust! Is it possible, amiable person, that so many charms should be buried in this desert, beneath these habits! Fortune, sir, resumed Adelaide, (this was the name of the shepherdess,) fortune is cruel only when she takes away what she has given us. My condition has its sweets for a person who knows no other; and habit creates for you necessities which shepherds do not ex-

perience. That may be, says the marquis, for those whom heaven has created in this obscure condition; but you, wonderful girl, you whom I admire, you who enchant me, you were not born what you are: this air, this carriage, this voice, this language, all betrays you. Two words which you have just spoken, announce a mind cultivated, a noble soul. Finish—inform us what misfortune has been able to reduce you to this strange abasement. For a man in misfortune, replied Adelaide, there are a thousand means of issuing from it; for a woman, you know it, there is no honest resource but servitude; and in the choice of masters, we do well, I believe, to prefer honest people. You are going to see mine: you will be charmed with the innocence of their life, with the candor, with the simplicity, with the honesty of their manners.

As she was thus speaking, they arrived at the cabin. It was separated by a division of the sheep-cote where the unknown caused her sheep to enter, counting them with the most careful attention, without deigning to occupy herself longer with the strangers who contemplated her. An old man and his wife, such as they paint to us Philemon and Baucis, presented themselves before their hosts with that rustic simplicity which recalls to us the age of gold. We have nothing to offer you, says the good woman, but some fresh straw for a bed, milk, fruit and bread of rye for food; but the little which heaven bestows on us, we will share it with you with a good heart. The travellers, on entering into the cabin, were surprised with the air of arrangement which every thing breathed there. The table was of a single board of polished walnut; one saw himself in the enamel of the vases of earth destined for the milk. Every thing presented the image of a smiling poverty, and of the first wants of nature agreeably satisfied. This is our beloved daughter, says the good woman, who takes care of the household. In the morning, before her flock leaves for the campaign, and whilst it begins to graze on the grass covered with dew around the house, she washes, sweeps, arranges every thing with an address which enchants us. What! says the marchioness, is this shepherdess your daughter? Ah! madam, please heaven! cried the good old woman, 'tis my heart which calls her so, since I have for her the love of a mother; but I am not so happy as to have carried her in my bosom; we are not worthy of having given her birth.—Who is she then! whence does she come, and what misfortune has reduced her to the condition of a shepherdess? All this is unknown to us. It is four years since she came, in the dress of a peasant girl, to offer herself to guard our flocks: we should have taken her for nothing, so much did her fine mien and the mildness of her speech gain both our hearts. We ourselves doubted that she was a peasant girl, but our questions afflicted her and we believed it our duty to abstain from them. This doubt has only increased from a more intimate knowledge of her heart: but the more we wish to abase ourselves before her, the more she humbles herself before us. Never has a daughter had for her father and mother more sustained attention, nor more tender solicitude. She cannot obey us for we have no desire to command her: but it seems that she divines us; and all which we can wish is done before we perceive that she thinks of it. She is an angel descended among us to console our old age.—

And what does she really do in the sheep-cot? demanded the marchioness. She gives the flock fresh litter, she milks the sheep and the goats. It seems that this milk, pressed by her hand, becomes more delicate: I, who go to sell to the city, cannot satisfy the demand; they find it delicious. This dear child occupies herself in guarding her flock, with braiding straw and osier which all the world admires. I wish you could see with what address she interlaces the flexible rush. Every thing becomes valuable in her fingers. You see, madam, pursued the good old woman, you see here the image of an easy and tranquil life; it is she who procures it for us. This celestial daughter is occupied only in rendering us happy. Is she happy herself? demanded M. de Fonrose. She endeavors to persuade us so, resumed the old man; but I have often discovered to my wife, that in returning from the pasture, she had her eyes wet with tears, and the most afflicted air in the world. As soon as she sees us, she affects to smile, but we perceive clearly that she has some pain which consumes her: we dare not ask it of her. Ah! madam, says the old woman, how I pity this child, when she persists in leading her flocks to graze, in spite of the rain and frost! A hundred times have I knelt to obtain permission to take her place: but entreaty has been useless. She departs at the rising of the sun, and returns in the evening, chilled with cold. Judge, says she to me with tenderness, if I shall let you leave your fire-place, and expose you, at your age, to the rigors of the season! Scarcely can I resist it myself. Yet she brings under her arms the wood with which we warm ourselves; and when I complain of the fatigue which she gives herself: Permit me, says she, my good mother, it is by exercise that I fortify myself against the cold; labor is made for my age. In fine, madam, she is as good as she is beautiful, and my husband and myself never speak of her without tears in our eyes! And if one should take her away from you? demanded the marchioness. We should lose, interrupted the old man, all which we hold most dear in the world; but, if she should become happy, we should die content with this consolation. Alas! yes, resumed the old lady shedding tears, let heaven grant her a fortune worthy of her, if it is possible! My hope was that this hand so dear to me should close my eyes; but I love her more than my life. Her arrival interrupted them.

She appeared with a pail of milk in one hand, in the other a pannier of fruits; and, after having saluted them with a charming grace, she employed herself in the care of the household, as if no one paid her any attention. You give yourself much trouble, my dear child, says the marchioness to her. I endeavor, madam, replied she, to fulfill the intention of my master and mistress who desire to recieve you in their best possible stile. You will make, pursued she, in spreading on the table a coarse, linnen cloth, but of an extreme whiteness, you will make a frugal and rural repast. This bread is not the best in the world, but it has much savour; the eggs are fresh, the milk is good, and the fruits which I have just gathered are such as the season presents them. The diligence, the attention, the noble and decent graces with which this wonderful shepherdess rendered them all the duties of hospitality; the respect which she discovered to her master and mistress, whether she

addressed to them her discourse, or whether she sought to read in their eyes what they desired she should do, all penetrated with astonishment Monsieur and Madam de Fonrose. As soon as they had retired to the bed of fresh straw which she had herself prepared: Our adventure partakes of prodigy, said one to the other; it is necessary to clear up this mystery, it is necessary to lead with us this child.

At dawn, one of the men who had passed the night to repair their carriage, came to inform them that it was finished. Madam de Fonrose, before departing, caused the shepherdess to be called. Without wishing to penetrate, says she to her, the secret of your birth and the cause of your misfortune, all which I see, all which I hear, interests me for you. I perceive that your fortitude has raised you above misfortune, and that you have formed to yourself sentiments conformable to your present condition: your charms and your virtues render it respectable; but it is unworthy of you. I can, amiable unknown, place you in a better situation: the intentions of my husband accord perfectly with mine. I have at Turin a considerable estate; I want a friend, and I shall think of bringing back from this place an inestimable treasure, if you will accompany me. Banish from the proposition, from the entreaty which I make you, all ideas of servitude; I do not believe you are made for that condition; but should my prepossession deceive me, I prefer rather, to raise you above your birth, than to leave you beneath it. I repeat it to you, it is a friend which I wish to attach to me. As for the rest, be not in pain about the destiny of these good people; there is nothing which I would not do to indemnify them for your loss; at least they will have wherewith to finish tranquilly their life in the ease of their condition; and it is from your hands that they will receive the benefits which I destine them. The old man and his wife, present at this discourse, kissing the hands of the marchioness, and prostrating themselves at her knees, conjured the young unknown to accept these generous offers, represented to her in shedding tears, that they were on the brink of the grave, that she had no other consolation than to render them happy in their old age, and that at death, left to herself, their dwelling would become to her a frightful solitude. The shepherdess in embracing them, mingled her tears with theirs, she rendered thanks for the kindness of Monsieur and Madam de Fonrose, with a sensibility which still embellished her. I cannot, says she, accept your benefits; heaven has marked my place, and its will accomplishes itself; but your kindness has engraved on my soul traces which will never be erased. The respectable name of Fonrose will be without ceasing present to my mind. There remains to me but one favor to ask of you, says she in blushing and casting down her eyes; it is to bury this adventure in eternal silence, and leave the world forever ignorant of the destiny of the unknown who wishes to live and die in oblivion. Monsieur and Madam de Fonrose, affected and afflicted, redoubled a thousand times their instances: she was immovable: and the old man and his wife, the travellers and the shepherdess seperated with tears in their eyes.

During the route, Monsieur and Madam de Fonrose occupied themselves only with this adventure. They believed to have had a dream. The imagination filled with this kind of romance, they arrive at Turin.

One doubts whether silence was not preserved; and it was an inexhaustible subject of reflections and conjectures. The young Fonrose, present at these conversations, lost of them not a single circumstance. He was at an age in which the imagination is the most vivid, and the heart the most susceptible of commiseration: but he was one of those characters whose sensibility by no means manifests itself without, so much the more violently agitated, when they come to be so, that the sentiment which affects them is not diminished by any kind of dissipation. All which Fonrose hears related of the charms, of the virtues and of the misfortunes of the shepherdess of Savoy, kindles in his soul the most ardent desire to see her. He pictures to himself an image of her which to him is present without ceasing; he compares to her all which he sees and all is effaced in her presence. But the more his impatience redoubles, the more care he has to dissemble it. The sojourn of Turin is odious to him. The valley which conceals from the world its most beautiful ornament, attracts his whole soul. It is there that happiness awaits him. But if his project is known, he sees there the greatest obstacles. They will never consent to the journey which he meditates: it is the folly of a young man of which they will apprehend the consequences; the shepherdess herself, terrified at his pursuits, will not fail to steal herself from him: He loses her if it be known. After all these reflections which occupied him for three months, he takes the resolution to quit all for her, to go, under the habit of a shepherd, to seek her in solitude, and to die there or draw her from it.

He disappears; they do not see him again. His parents, who expect him, have at first some inquietude on account of him; their fear daily increases. Their disappointed expectation throws desolation into the family; the inutility of research completes their dispair. A quarrel, an assassination, every thing the most sinister, presents itself to their thoughts; and his unfortunate parents finish by weeping the death of this son, their only hope. Whilst his family is in sorrow, Fonrose, under the habit of a herdsman, presents himself to the inhabitants of the neighboring hamlets of the valley, which they had but too well described to him. His ambition is satisfied; they confide to him the care of a flock.

The first days he permits it to wander carelessly, attentive only to discover the places where the shepherdess led her own. Let us manage, said he, the timidity of this beautiful solitary; if she is unhappy, her heart has need of consolation; if she has only aversion to the world, and that the taste of a tranquil and innocent life retains her in these places, she must experience there moments of ennui, and desire a society which may amuse or console her; let us leave her to seek mine. If I happen to render it agreeable to her, it will soon be necessary to her: then I shall take counsel from the situation of her soul. After all, behold us alone in the universe, and we shall be every thing to one another. From confidence to friendship there is little distance, and from friendship to love the step is still more slippery at our age. And what age had Fonrose when he reasoned thus? Fonrose was eighteen years old; but three months reflection on the same object developes much the ideas.

Whilst he was delivering himself up to his reflections, his eyes wandering over the campaign, he hears in the distance that voice of which one had boasted so much the charms. The emotion which it caused him, was it as lively as if it had been unforeseen? "It is here," said the shepherdess, in her plaintive songs, "it is here, that my heart enjoys the only blessing which remains to it. My grief has delights for my soul; I prefer its bitterness to the deceitful sweets of joy." These accents tore the sensible heart of Fonrose. What can be, said he, the cause of the chagrin which consumes her; how sweet would it be to console her! A hope still more sweet dared scarcely flatter his desires. He feared to alarm the shepherdess, if he delivered himself up imprudently to the impatience of seeing her more near; and, for the first time, it was sufficient to have heard her. The next day, he returned to the pasturage; and, after having observed the route which she had taken, he fled to a place at the foot of a rock which, the preceding day, repeated to him the sounds of that touching voice. I forgot to say that Fonrose, to the most genteel figure in the world, united talents which the young nobility of Italy do not neglect to cultivate. He played on the hautboy like *Besuzzi*, of whom he had taken lessons, and who caused at that time the pleasures of Europe. Adelaide, more profoundly buried in her afflicting ideas, had by no means yet caused her voice to be heard; and the echoes kept silence. Suddenly this silence was interrupted by the plaintive sounds of the hautboy of Fonrose. These unknown sounds excited in the soul of Adelaide a surprise mingled with trouble. The guardians of the flocks, wandering over these hills, had caused her to hear only the sounds of the rustic trumpets. Immovable and attentive, she seeks with her eyes who can form so sweet accents. She perceives from afar, a young shepherd seated in the hollow of a rock, at the foot of which grazed his flock. She approaches, the better to hear. You see, says she, what the instinct alone of nature can do! The ear indicates to this shepherd all the nicities of art. Can one give more pure sounds? What delicacy in the inflections!—what variety in the touches or embellishments! Let one say after this, that taste is not a gift of nature. Since Adelaide had dwelt in this solitude, it was the first time that her grief, suspended by an agreeable distraction, yielded her soul to the soft emotion of pleasure.

Fonrose, who had seen her approach and seat herself near a willow to hear him, did not appear to perceive it. He seized, without affectation, the moment of her retreat, and measured the march of her flock, so as to meet her on the declivity of the hill, where their ways crossed each other. He only cast a look upon her, and continued his route, as being occupied only with the care of his flock. But what beauties this regard had run over! what eyes! what a divine mouth! These features, so noble and so touching in their languor, how much more ravishing, if love animated them! One saw clearly that grief had alone tarnished, in their spring, the roses of her beautiful cheeks; but of so many charms, that which had the most sensibly affected him, was the noble elegance of her form and carriage; by the suppleness of her movements, she appeared a young cedar, whose erect and flexible trunk *yields gently to the* zephyrs. That image, which love had engraved

with darts of fire in his memory, possessed itself of his whole soul. How feebly they have painted her to me, said he, this beauty unknown to the world, of which she merits the adorations! and it is a desert which she inhabits! and it is thatch which covers her! She who ought to see kings at her feet, occupies herself with the care of a vile flock! Under what vestments is she presented to my view! she embellishes every thing and nothing disfigures her.

Yet, what a kind of life for a body so delicate! coarse aliments, a savage climate, straw for a bed; great God! and for whom are made the roses? Yes, I wish to draw her from this condition, too unhappy and too unworthy of her. Sleep interrupted his reflections, but by no means effaced this image. Adelaide, on her part, sensibly struck with the youth and beauty of Fonrose, did not cease to admire the caprices of fortune. Where does nature go to collect, said she, so many talents and so much grace? But, alas! these gifts, which are only useless to him, would perhaps constitute his unhappiness in a more elevated situation. What evils does not beauty cause in the world! Unhappy! is it for me to attach some price to it? The desolating reflection, came to empoison in her soul the pleasure which she had tasted: she reproached herself for having been sensible to it, and resolved to reject it for the future. The next day, Fonrose believed to perceive that she avoided his approach. He fell into a mortal sadness. Could she suspect my disguise? said he; could I have betrayed myself? This inquietude occupied him the whole day, and his hautboy was neglected. Adelaide was not so far but she might easily have heard him, and his silence astonished her; she began herself to sing: "It seems, said her song, that all which surrounds me partakes of my ennui; the birds cause only sad accents to be heard, the echo answers me by complaints, the zephyrs sigh among the foliage, the murmur of the brooks imitate my sighs; one would say that they flow tears." Fonrose, affected by her song, could not help replying to it. Never was a concert more touching than that of his hautboy with the voice of Adelaide. O heaven! says she, is it enchantment? I dare not believe my ears: it is not a shepherd, it is a god which I hear. The natural sentiment of harmony, can it inspire these accents? As she thus spoke, a rural melody, or rather celestial, caused the valley to resound. Adelaide believed to see realized the prodigies which poesy attributes to music, her brilliant sister. Confused, confounded, she did not know if she ought to withdraw or yield herself up to this enchantment. But she perceived the shepherd, to whom she was listening, reassembling his flock to regain his cabin. He is ignorant, says she, of the charms which he diffuses around him; his simple soul is no more vain on account of it: he does not wait the eulogies which I owe him. Such is the power of music: it is the only one of the talents which can enjoy itself; all the others wish witnesses. This gift of heaven was granted to man in innocence; it is the most pure of all pleasures. Alas! it is the only one which I still enjoy; and I regard this shepherd as a new echo which comes to answer to my grief.

The following days, Fonrose affected to withdraw himself in his turn. Adelaide was afflicted at it. Destiny, says she, seemed to have managed for me this feeble consolation; I yielded myself up to it too

easily; and, to punish me, she deprives me of it. One day, in fine, when they met each other on the declivity of the hill: Shepherd, says she to him, do you lead very far off your flock? These first words of Adelaide caused to Fonrose a shock which almost deprived him of the use of his voice. I do not know, says he in hesitating: it is not I who conduct my flock, it is my flock which conducts me: these places are better known to it than to me; I leave to it the choice of the best pasturage. From whence are you then, demanded of him the shepherdess? I have seen the day beyond the Alps, replied Fonrose. Were you born among shepherds? pursued she. Since I am a shepherd, says he in casting down his eyes, it is necessary indeed that I should be born to be so. It is what I doubt, replied Adelaide in observing him with attention. Your talents, your language, even your air, every thing announces to me that destiny had placed you better. You are very good, resumed Fonrose; but is it for you to believe that nature refuses every thing to the shepherd? Were you born to be a queen?—Adelaide blushes at this reply; and changing purposely: The other day, at the sound of the hautboy, you accompanied my song with an art which would be a prodigy in a simple guardian of flocks. It is your voice which is one of them. resumed Fonrose, in a simple shepherdess.—But has no one instructed you? I have, like yourself, no other guides than my heart and my ear. You sung, I was affected: what my heart feels, my hautboy expresses; I inspire it with my soul: behold all my secret; nothing in the world is more easy. That is inconceivable, says Adelaide. It is what I have said in listenening to you, resumed Fonrose; yet it has been indeed necessary to believe.—What do you wish? nature and love divert themselves sometimes in reuniting all which they have most precious in the most humble fortune, to make it appear that there is no situation which they cannot ennoble. During this conversation, they advanced into the valley; and Fonrose, whom a ray of hope animated, caused to burst forth on the air, the brilliant sounds which pleasure inspires. Ah! in mercy, says Adelaide, spare my soul the importunate image of a sentiment which it cannot taste. This solitude is consecrated to grief; these echoes are by no means accustomed to repeat the accents of a profane joy: here all sighs with me. I have something there to complain of, myself, resumed the young man; and these words, pronounced with a sigh, were followed by a long silence. You have to complain yourself! resumed Adelaide; is it of men? is it of destiny? I do not know, says he; but I am not happy: do not ask me more about it. Listen, says Adelaide: heaven gives us both a consolation in our pains; mine are like a crushing weight with which my heart is oppressed. Whoever you may be, if you know misfortune, you ought to be compassionate, and I believe you worthy of my confidence; but promise me that it shall be mutual. Alas! says Fonrose, my pains are such that I shall be perhaps condemned never to reveal them. This mystery only redoubled the curiosity of Adelaide. Return tomorrow, says she to him, at the foot of this hill, under this old thick oak where you have heard me sigh. There, I will discover to you things which will excite your pity. Fonrose *passed the night* in a mortal agitation. His destiny depended on what *he was about* to be informed. A thousand terrifying thoughts came to

agitate him in turn. He apprehended, above all, the dispairing confidence of an unhappy and faithful love. If she loves, says he, I am lost.

He returned to the place indicated. He saw Adelaide arrive. The day was obscured with clouds, and nature in mourning seemed to presage the sadness of their interview. As soon as they were seated at the foot of the oak, Adelaide spoke thus: "You see these stones which the grass begins to conceal, it is the tomb of the most tender, of the most virtuous of men, to whom my love and my imprudence have cost the life. I am French, of a distinguished family, and too rich for my misfortune. The Count of d'Orestan conceived for me the most tender love: I was sensible of it, I was so to excess. My parents opposed themselves to the inclination of our hearts; and my foolish passion made me consent to a hymen sacred to virtuous souls, but disavowed by the laws. Italy was the theatre of war. My husband went there to join the corps which he was to command: I followed him even to Briancon; my foolish tenderness retained him there two days in spite of himself. This young man, full of honor, did not prolong his sojourn but with an extreme repugnance. He sacrificed to me his duty; but why had I not sacrificed to him myself? In a word, I exacted it; he could not resist my tears. He departed with a presentiment with which I was myself terrified. I accompanied him even into this valley, where I received his adieus; and, to wait for news from him, I returned to Briancon. A few days afterwards the rumor of a battle was spread abroad. I doubted if d' Orestan was in it, I wished it for his glory, I feared it for my love, when I received from him a letter which I thought very consoling. I will be on such a day, at such an hour, said he to me, in the valley, and under the oak where we separated, I will return there alone, I conjure you to go there and wait for me alone: I live no longer but for you. What was my mistake! I perceived in this billet only the impatience of revisiting me, and I applauded myself for this impatience. I returned then under this same oak. D'Orestan arrives, and after the most tender reception: You have wished it, my dear Adelaide, says he to me, I have failed in my duty in the most important moment of my life. What I feared has arrived. Battle is given; my regiment has charged; it has done prodigies of valor, and I was not there. I am dishonored, lost without resource. I do not reproach you with my misfortune; but I have no longer only one sacrifice to make you, and my heart wishes to consummate it. At this discourse, pale, trembling, and scarcely respiring, I received my husband in my arms. I felt my blood chill in my veins; my knees bent beneath me, and I fell without knowing it. He profited of my fainting to tear himself from my bosom, and soon I was recalled to life by the noise of the blow which gave him death. I shall by no means paint the situation in which I found myself: it is inexpressible; and the tears which you see flow, the sobs which choke my voice, are a too feeble image of it. After having passed a whole night near this bloody corpse, in a stupid grief, my first care was to bury with him my shame: my hands dug his grave. I wish indeed by no means to effect your sensibility, but the moment in which the earth must separate me from the sad remains of my husband, was a thousand times more frightful to

me than that can be which shall separate my body from my soul.—Exhausted with grief and deprived of nourishment, my failing hands occupied two days in digging this grave, with inconceivable pains. When my strength abandoned me, I reposed myself on the livid and icy bosom of my husband. In fine, I rendered him the duties of sepulture, and my heart promised him to wait in these places, till death might reunite us. However, cruel hunger began to devour my withered entrails. I considered it a crime to refuse to nature the support of a life more dolorous than death. I changed my vestments for the simple habit of a shepherdess, and I embraced its condition as my only refuge. Since this time, all my consolation is to come and weep over his tomb, which will be mine. You see, pursued she, with what sincerity I open to you my soul; I can with you henceforth weep with freedom: it is a relief of which I had need; but I expect from you the same confidence. Do not think to have deceived me. I perceive clearly that the condition of a shepherd is as strange to you and more novel than to me.—You are young, perhaps sensible; and if I may believe my own conjectures on the subject, our misfortunes have had the same source, and like myself you have loved. We shall be, on account of it, more sympathising for each other. I regard you as a friend whom heaven, touched with my misfortunes, deigns to send me in my solitude. Regard me as a friend capable of giving you, if not salutary, at least consoling examples."

You penetrate me, says Fonrose to her, overwhelmed with what he had just heard; and, whatever sensibility you supposed me to possess, you are very far from imagining the impression which the recital of your misfortunes has made on me. Alas! that I cannot reply to it with that confidence which you manifest towards me, and of which you are so worthy; but I have said it to you, I had foreseen it: such is the nature of my pains, that an eternal silence ought to shut them up in the bottom of my heart. You are very unhappy! added he with a profound sigh; I am still more unhappy: it is all I can say to you. Do not be offended at my silence: it is frightful to me to be condemned to it. The assiduous companion of all your steps, I will mitigate all your labors, I will share all your pains; I will see you weep over this tomb; I will mingle there my tears with yours. You will by no means repent of having deposed your ennuis in a heart, alas! too sensible. I repent of it even now, says she with confusion; and both, with their eyes cast down, retired in silence. Adelaide, on quitting Fonrose, believed to see in his countenance the impress of a profound grief. I have renewed, said she, the sentiment of his pains, and what must be their horror, since he believes himself still more unhappy than myself!

From this day, more singing, more conversation followed between Fonrose and Adelaide. They neither sought nor avoided each other; regards in which consternation was depicted, constituted almost their only language. If he found her weeping over the tomb of her husband, his heart seized with pity, with jealousy and with grief, he contemplated her in silence, and answered to her sobs by profound sighs.

Two months had scarcely flown away in this painful situation; and *Adelaide saw the* youth of Fonrose wither like a flower. The chagrin *which consumed* him, afflicted her so much the more sensibly, as the

ause was unknown to her. She was very far from suspecting that she vas the object of it. Yet, as it is natural that two sentiments which hare a soul weaken each other, the regrets of Adelaide on the death of l'Orestan became less sensible each day, in proportion as she yielded herself up more to the pity which Fonrose inspired. She was very sure that this pity was only innocent: it did not even come into her nind to defend herself against it; and the object of this generous sentiment, without ceasing present to her view, revived it every instant. The languor into which this young man had fallen, became such, that Adelaide did not believe she ought to leave him a longer time delivered up to himself. You perish, says she to him, and you add to my pains that of seeing you consumed with ennui beneath my eyes, without being able to bring there a remedy. If the recital of the imprudences of my youth has not inspired you with contempt for me, if friendship the most pure and the most tender is dear to you; in fine, if you do not wish to render me more unhappy than I was before having known you, confide to me the cause of your pains: you have only myself in the world to aid you in sustaining them. Your secret, should it be more important than mine, by no means fear that I would betray it. The death of my husband has placed an abyss between the world and myself; and the cofidence which I exact will soon be buried in this grave, where grief, by slow steps is conducting me. I hope to precede you there, says Fonrose bursting into a flood of tears. Leave me to finish my deplorable life, without leaving to you, after me, the reproach of having abridged its course. O heaven! what do I hear? cried she distracted. Who, me? I should have contributed to the evils which crush you! Finish, you pierce my heart; what have I done? what have I said? Alas! I tremble! O heaven, hast thou placed me in the world only to cause unhappiness? Speak, I say to you, it is no longer time to conceal from me who you are: you have said too much about it, to dissemble longer. Well! I am——I am Fonrose, the son of the travellers whom you have penetrated with admiration and respect. All which they have related of your virtues, of your charms, has inspired me with the fatal design of coming to see you under this disguise. I have left my family in desolation, believing to have lost me and weeping my death. I have seen you, I know what attaches you to these places; I know that the only hope which remains to me, is to die here, in adoring you. Spare me useless counsel and unjust reproaches. My resolution is as firm, as immovable as yours. If, betraying my secret, you should trouble the last moments of a life which is becoming extinct, you would have uselessly done me a wrong, who would never have done the same to you.

Adelaide, confounded, endeavored to calm the dispair in which this young man was plunged. Let us render, says she, to his parents the service of recalling him to life; let us save their only hope; heaven proffers me this occasion of recognising their goodness. Thus, far from frightening him by a displaced rigor, all which pity has, the most tender, all which friendship has, the most consoling, was put in requisition to calm him.

Angel of heaven, cried Fonrose, I feel all the repugnance which you

have to render one unhappy: your heart is with him who reposes in this tomb; I perceive that nothing can detach you from him, I perceive how ingenius is your virtue to conceal from me my unhappiness, I feel it in its full extent, I am overwhelmed by it, but I pardon it you. Your duty is never to love me, mine is to adore you forever.

Impatient to execute the design which she had conceived, Adelaide arrives in the cabin. My father, says she to her old master, do you feel sufficient strength to undertake the journey of Turin? I have need of some one in whom I can confide, to give Monsieur and Madam de Fonrose the most interesting advice. The old man replied that his zeal to serve them inspired him with the courage to do it. Go, resumed Adelaide, you will find them weeping the death of their only son; inform them that he is living, that he is in this place, and that it is myself who wish to restore him to them; but that it is indispensably necessary that they should come themselves to seek him.

He departs, he arrives at Turin, he announces himself as the old man of the valley of Savoy. Ah! cried Madam de Fonrose, perhaps some misfortune has happened to our shepherdess. Let him come in, added the marquis, he will announce to us perhaps, that she consents to live with us. After the loss of my son, says the marchioness, it is the only consolation which I can enjoy in the world. The old man is introduced. He prostrates himself, they raise him up. You weep a son, says he to them; I come to tell you that he is living: it is our dear child who has discoverd him in the valley; she sends me to inform you of it but you alone, says she, can lead him back. As he thus spoke, surprise and joy had deprived Madam de Fonrose of the use of her senses The marquis, lost, wandering, calls the assistance of his wife, he recalls her to life, embraces the old man, announces throughout the house that their son is restored to them. The marchioness resuming her spirits: What shall we do, says she in seizing the hands of the old man and clasping them with tenderness; what shall we do to acknowledge a benefit which restores to us life?

Every thing is arranged for the departure. They set out on the journey with the good man; they travel night and day; they return to the valley! where their only blessing awaits them. The shepherdess was in the pasturage; the old lady conducts them there: they approach What is their surprise! their son, this well beloved son is near her! under the habit of a simple shepherd: their hearts sooner, than their eyes recognise him. Ah! cruel child, cries his mother in throwing herself into his arms, what chagrin have you given us! Why did you stray yourself from our tenderness, and what did you come here to do? To adore, says he, what you have admired yourselves. Pardon, madam says Adelaide, whilst Fonrose embraced the knees of his father who raised him with kindness, pardon having left you so long a time in grief! If I had known it sooner, you should have been sooner consoled After the first movements of nature, Fonrose had fallen again into the most profound affliction. Let us go, says the marquis, let us go and repose ourselves in the cabin, and forget all the chagrins which this *young* fool has given us. Yes, Sir, I have been so, says Fonrose to his *father* who led him by the hand. Nothing less than the aberration of

ison was necessary to suppress in my heart the movements of
, to make me forget the most sacred duties, detach me in fine
ll which I held most dear in the world; but this folly, you have
it birth, and I am too well punished for it. I love, without hope,
hich is the most accomplished on earth. You see nothing, you
nothing of this incomparable woman: she is modesty, sensibility,
itself; I love her even to idolatry: I cannot be happy without
nd I know that she cannot be mine. Has she confided to you,
ided the marquis, the secret of her birth? I have learnt enough
says Fonrose, to assure you that it yields in nothing to mine:
s even renounced a considerable fortune to bury herself in this
.—And do you know who has engaged her to do it? Yes, my
, but it is a secret which she alone can reveal to you. She is
d, perhaps?—She is a widow; but her heart is no more free on
nt of it, her ties for it are only more strong. My daughter, says
arquis on entering into the cabin, you see that you turn the heads
who call themselves Fonrose. The extravagant passion of this
; man cannot be justified only by an object as prodigious as
elf. All the wishes of my wife were limited to having you as a
anion and friend; this child does not wish longer to live, if he
not obtain you for a wife; I desire no less to have you for a
ter: you see how much unhappiness you create by a refusal.—
ir, says she, your goodness confounds me: but listen, and judge me.
, in presence of the old man and his wife, Adelaide made to them
icital of her deplorable adventure. She added to it the name of
mily, which was not unknown to Monsieur de Fonrose, and fin-
by taking him as a witness himself of the inviolable fidelity which
wed her husband. At these words, consternation diffused itself
l their countenances. The young Fonrose, whom his sobs suffo-
, precipitated himself into a corner of the cabin, to give them a
ourse. The father affected flew to the succour of his child. See,
ie, my dear Adelaide, in what situation you have placed me.—
.m de Fonrose, who was near Adelaide, pressed her in her arms
thing her with her tears. And what, my daughter, said she to her,
ou make us weep a second time the death of our dear child?
old man and his wife, their eyes filled with tears, and fixed on
aide, waited that she might commence speaking. Heaven is my
ess, says Adelaide, in raising herself, that I would give my life to
owledge so much goodness. This would complete my misfort-
that of having to reproach myself with yours: but I wish that
ose himself may be my judge; permit me the favor to speak
n one moment. Then, retiring alone with him: listen says she
m, Fonrose; you know what sacred ties retain me in this place.
ould cease to cherish and to weep a husband who has but too
loved me, I should be the most contemptible of women. Esteem,
rule, are sentiments which I owe you; but nothing of all that
the place of love: the more you have conceived of it for me, the
you have a right to expect of it; it is the impossibility of
ling this duty which prevents me from imposing it. Yet I see you
situation which would affect a heart the least sensible; it is
tful to me to be the cause of it; it would be more frightful to me

to hear your parents accuse me of having destroyed you. I wish the
indeed to forget myself at this moment, and to leave you, as much a
in my power, the arbiter of our destiny. It is for you to choose tha
of the two situations which appears to you the least painful; either t
renounce me, to overcome yourself and forget me; or to possess
woman who, the heart filled with another object, would be unable t
grant you only sentiments too feeble to fulfill the wishes of a lover
It is enough, cried Fonrose, and with a soul like yours, friendship ough
to take the place of love. I shall be jealous without doubt of th
tears which you will give to the memory of another husband; but th
cause of this jealousy, in rendering you more respectable, will ren
der you more dear in my eyes.

She is mine, says he, in coming to throw himself into the arms o
his parents: it is to her respect for you, to your goodness which I a
indebted for her, and it is to owe you a second life. From this mo
ment their arms were chains, from which Adelaide could not disen
gage herself.

Did she yield only to pity, to gratitude? I wish to believe so, to ad
mire her more: Adelaide believed so herself. Although it might be s
before departing, she wished to revisit this tomb which she quit onl
with regret. O my dear d'Orestan, says she, if from the bosom of th
dead you can read the bottom of my soul, your shade has nothing t
murmur of the sacrifice which I make: I owe it to the generous senti
ments of this virtuous family: but my heart remains yours forever.
am about endeavoring to promote happiness, without any hope of be
ing happy myself. They did not take her from this place but with
kind of violence; yet she exacted that they should erect there a mons
ment to the memory of her husband, and that the cabin of her old mas
ter and mistress, who followed her to Turin, should be changed into
country-seat as simple as solitary, where she proposed to herself to com
sometimes to weep the aberrations and the misfortunes of her youth
Time, the assiduous cares of Fonrose, the fruits of her second hymen
have opened her heart to the impressions of a new tenderness; she
cited as an example of an interesting woman, and respectable even i
her fidelity.

THE ADVENTURES OF ARISTONOUS

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

[Anonymous.]

Sophronimous having lost the inheritance of his ancestors, by shi
wreck and other misfortunes, consoled himself by his virtue on t
island of Delos. There he sung to his golden lyre the wonders of the g
adored there; cultivated the muses, by whom he was beloved; inves
gated curiously all the secrets of nature, the course of the stars and t

heavens, the order of the elements, the structure of the universe which he measured with his compasses, the virtue of plants, the conformation of animals; but above all he studied himself, and applied himself in adorning his soul with virtue; thus fortune, in wishing to cast him down, had raised him to true glory, which is that of wsidom.

Whilst he lived happy without wealtb in this retreat, he discovered one day on the border of the sea, a venerable old man who was unknown to him: he was a Stranger, who had just arrived on the island. This old man admired the borders of the sea, in which he knew that this island had formerly floated; he regarded attentively, this coast where elevated themselves on high, sand banks and rocks, small hills ever covered with a young and flowery turf: he could not satiate his eyes with beholding the pure fountains and rapid rivulets which watered this delightful campaign; he advanced towards the sacred groves which surrounded the temple of the god; he was astonished at beholding this verdure which the north winds dared never to wither, and he contemplated now the temple of Parian marble; whiter than snow, surrounded with high columns of jasper. Sophronimous was not less attentive in observing this old man; his snowy beard fell upon his breast, his wrinkled visage had nothing of deformity, he was still exempt from the injuries of declining old age, his eyes discovered a sweet vivacity, his form was lofty and majestic, but a little bent, and a staff of ivory sustained him. O stranger, says Sophronimous to him ,what seek you in this isle, which appears to be unknown to you? If it is the temple of the god, you see it in the distance, and I offer myself as your conductor, for I fear the gods, and have learned what Jupiter wishes me to do, to succour strangers.

I accept, resumed this old man, the offer which you make me with so many marks of kindness: I pray the gods to recompense your love for strangers; let us go towards the temple. On the way, he related to Sophronimous the subject of his voyage: I call myself, says he, Aristonous, a native of Clazomene, a city of Ionia, situated on that agreeable coast, which advances into the sea, and seems about to unite itself to the island of Chio, fortunate country of Homer; I was born of indigent parents, although noble; my father's name was Polystratus, who already burthened with a numerous family, and unwilling to bring me up or educate me; caused me to be exposed by one of his friends of Teos. An old woman of Erythreus, who had a habitation near the place where I was exposed, nourished me on goats' milk in her own house; but as she was indigent, as soon as I was of age to go to service, she sold me to a slave-merchant, who carried me to Lycia. This merchant resold me at Patarus, to a rich and virtuous man, named Alcinous, and Alcinous took care of me in my youth: I appeared to him docile, moderate, sincere, affectionate and with a disposition for every thing honest and useful in which he wished to instruct me; he caused me to apply myself to the arts which Apollo patronizes: he sent me to learn music, the exercises of the body, and above all the art of curing human diseases. I soo nacquired great reputation in this art, which is so necessary; and Apollo, who inspired me, revealed to me wonderful secrets. Alcinous who loved me more and more, and who was ravished at seeing the success of his attentions to me, emancipated and sent

me to Polycrates, Tyrant of Samos, who in his inconceivable felicity was ever fearful lest fortune, after having so long time flattered him, might cruelly betray him. He loved life which for him was full of pleasure and delight; he feared to lose it, and wished to prevent the least appearance of evil: thus he was ever surrounded by men, the most celebrated in medicine. Polycrates was delighted that I wished to pass my life near him. To attach me, he gave me great riches and loaded me with honors. I remained a long time at Samos, where I could not but be very much astonished at seeing how fortune seemed to take pleasure in serving him agreeable to all his wishes; it was sufficient, that he undertook a war, victory followed of course; he had only to wish the most difficult things, they were immediately accomplished as of themselves; his immense riches accumulated daily; all his enemies were subject at his feet; his health, far from diminishing, became more established and uniform; it was now forty years that this tyrant, tranquil and happy, held fortune as enchained, without her ever daring to betray him in any thing, or cause him the least deception in all his designs. A prosperity so unheard of among men, caused me to fear for him; I loved him sincerely, and I could not help discovering to him my fear: it made an impression on his heart, as yet though he was enervated by luxury and puffed up with his power, he did not cease to have some sentiments of humanity, when he was reminded of the gods and the inconstancy of human things. He permitted me to tell him the truth, and he was so touched with my fear for him, that at last he resolved to interrupt the course of his prosperity by a loss which he wished to prepare for himself. I perceive clearly, says he to me, there is no man, who should not in his life time experience some reverse of fortune; the more a person has been spared by her, the more he ought to fear some frightful revolution: myself, whom she has overwhelmed with blessings during so many years, should expect extreme misfortunes, if I do not avert that which seems to threaten me; I wish then to hasten in preventing the treachery of this flattering fortune. In uttering these words, he drew from his finger a ring. of exceeding great price, and which he valued highly; he threw it in my presence from the top of a tower into the sea, expecting by this loss to have satisfied the necessity of submitting, at least, once in his life time, to the rigours of fortune; but it was a blindness caused by his prosperity; the evils which we seek, and which we cause ourselves are no longer evils; we are afflicted only with forced and unforeseen sufferings, with which the gods smite us. Polycrates knew not that the true means of anticipating fortune, was to detach himself by wisdom and moderation from all the fragile gifts which she proffers. Fortune to whom he wished to sacrfice his ring by no means accepted this sacrifice, and Polycrates, in spite of it, appeared more happy than ever. A fish had swallowed the ring, the fish had been caught, and carried to Polycrates' house, prepared to be served at his table, and the ring found by a cook in the belly of the fish, was restored to the Tyrant. who grew pale at the view of a fortune so obstinate in favoring him; but the time was approaching, in which his prosperity was suddenly to be changed into frightful adversity. The great king of Persia, Darius, son of Hystapes, undertook a war agains

the Greeks; he soon subjugated all the Grecian colonies on the coast of Asia, and some of the neighboring isles in the Egean sea; Samos was taken, the Tyrant was vanquished, and Orontes who commanded for the great king, having caused a high cross to be erected, had the Tyrant nailed to it: thus this man who had enjoyed so great prosperity, and who had not been able even to experience the misfortune which he had sought, perished suddenly by the most cruel and ignominious of all punishments. Thus nothing threatens men so much with some great calamity as a too great prosperity: that fortune which sports cruelly with men in the most elevated situations, raises also from the dust those who were the most wretched; she had precipitated Polycrates from the top of the wheel, and had caused me to emerge from the most miserable of all conditions, to give me great blessings. The Persians did not deprive me of them; on the contrary they held in high estimation my science in curing men, and the modesty with which I had lived during the time I was in favor with the Tyrant; those who had abused his confidence and authority, were punished with diverse punishments. As I had never injured any one, but as I had on the contrary done all the good in my power, I remained the only one whom the victors spared, and whom they treated honorably: every one rejoiced at it, for I was beloved, and had enjoyed prosperity without envy, because I had never discovered, neither hardheartedness, nor pride, nor avidity, nor injustice. I passed still at Samos some years very tranquilly; but I felt in fine a violent desire to revisit Lycia, where I had passed so agreeably my infancy: I hoped to find there Alcinous who had brought me up, and was the first author of all my fortune. On arriving in this country, I learned that Alcinous was dead after having lost his property, and suffered with much constancy the infirmities of old age. I went to scatter flowers and shed tears on his ashes: I put an honorable inscription on his tomb, and asked what had become of his children. I was told that the only one who remained, named Orcilochus, unable to form the resolution of appearing again without property, in his native country, in which his father had possessed so much celebrity, had embarked in a foreign vessel, to lead an obscure life in some island remote from the sea. I was told that this Orcilochus had been shipwrecked, a short time after, near the island of Carpathia, and that therefore, there remained no one of the family of my benefactor Alcinous. Immediately, I contemplated purchasing the house in which he had dwelt, with the fertile fields which he possessed on the environs: I was very happy to revisit these places which recalled to my mind the pleasing recollection of an age so agreeable, and of so good a master: It seemed to me that I was still in that flower of my first years in which I served Alcinous. Scarcely had I purchased of his creditors the effects of his succession, when I was obliged to go to Clazomene: my father Polycrates and my mother Phidile were dead; I had several brothers who lived unhappily together. As soon as I had arrived at Clazomene, I presented myself to them with a simple habit, like a man dispossessed of property, in discovering to them the marks with which you know we are careful of exposing children. They were astonished at seeing thus increase the number of the heirs of Polycrates, who were to share his

small inheritance; they even contested with me my birth, and refused before the Judges to recognise me. To punish their inhumanity, I declared that I consented to be considered as a stranger among them; I demanded that they should be excluded for ever from being my heirs. The Judges ordered it, and then I showed the riches which I had brought in my vessel; I discovered to them that I was that Aristonous who had acquired so many treasures near Polycrates of Samos, and that I had never married.

My brothers repented of having treated me so unjustly; and with the desire of being one day my heirs, they made the last efforts, but uselessly, to insinuate themselves into my friendship. Their division was the cause that the effects of our father were sold; I purchased them, and they had the grief of seeing all the wealth of our father pass into the hands of him to whom they did not wish to give the least part of it: thus they all fell into a frightful poverty. But after they had sufficiently felt their fault, I wished to show them my native, good disposition; I pardoned them, I received them into my house; I gave to each something with which he might gain wealth by commerce: I reunited them all; they and their children remained peacably together at my house: I became the common father of all these different families: by their union and application to business, they soon amassed considerable wealth. Yet old age, as you perceive, has come to knock at my door; it has shed its snow on my locks and wrinkled my front; it warns me that I shall not enjoy a long time so perfect a prosperity. Before dying, I wished to see again for the last time this soil which is so dear to me, and which touches me more than even my own country, this Lycia in which I have learned to be good and wise, under the conduct of the virtuous Alcinous. In repassing the sea, I found a merchant of the Cyclides' isles, who assured me that there still remained at Delos a son of Orcilochus who imitated the wisdom and virtue of his grandfather Alcinous. As soon as I had quit the route of Lycia, I hastened to come and seek under the auspices of Apollo in his isle, this precious remnant of a family to which I owe every thing. There remains to me but a short time to live: The Fates, hostile to so sweet a repose, which the gods rarely grant to mortals, will hasten to cut the thread of my life: but I shall be content to die, if my eyes, before closing themselves to the light, be permitted to see the grandson of my master. Speak now, O ye who dwell with him in this island; do you know him? Can you tell me where I shall find him? If you cause me to see him, may the gods as a recompense permit you to see on your knees the children of your children, even unto the fifth generation! May the gods preserve all your house in peace and abundance as a fruit of your virtue! Whilst Aristonous spoke thus, Sophronimous shed tears mingled with joy and grief. In fine, he threw himself without being able to speak on the neck of the old man: he embraced, he clasped him affectionately in his arms, and uttered with pain, these words interrupted with sighs:

I am, O my father, him whom you seek; you behold Sophronimous, the grandson of your friend Alcinous; it is me, and I cannot doubt in listening to you, that the gods have sent you here to mitigate my sufferings. Gratitude which seemed lost on earth is found in you alone. I

had heard say in my infancy that a celebrated and rich man, established at Samos, had been brought up at my grandfather's: but as Orciloehus my father, who died young, left me in the cradle, I knew those things but confusedly: I dared not go to Samos in uncertainty, and I have prefered remaining in this island, consoling myself in my misfortunes with the contempt of vain riches and the agreeable employment of cultivating the Muses, in the sacred temple of Apollo: wisdom which accustoms men to pass with little, and be tranquil, has taken the place until now of all other blessings.

In finishing these words, Sophronimous seeing himself arrived at the temple, proposed to Aristonous to pray and make his offerings. They made to the god a sacrifice of two sheep whiter than snow, and a bull which had a cross on his front between his two horns: afterwards they sung verses in honor of the god who enlightens the universe, who rules the seasons, who presides over the sciences, and who animates the choir of the Muses. On issuing from the temple, Sophronimous and Aristonous passed the rest of the day in relating to each other their adventures. Sophronimous received at his own house the old man with the tenderness and respect which he would have manifested to Alcinous himself, if he had been still living: the next day they departed together, and set sail towards Lycia. Aristonous led Sophronimous into a fertile campaign, on the border of another river, in the waves of which Apollo on his return from the chase covered with dust, had so many times plunged his body and laved his beautiful golden locks. They found along the banks of this river, poplars and willows, whose tender and flourishing folinge concealed the nests of an infinite number of birds which sung night and day: the river falling from a rock with much noise and foam, broke its waves in a canal full of small flint stones; the whole plain was covered with golden harvests; the hills which rose in the form of amphitheatres were loaded with clumps of vines and fruit trees. There, all nature was smiling and delightful, the heavens were mild and serene, and the earth ever ready to draw from her bosom, new riches to recompense the toil of the husbandman. In advancing along the border of the river, Sophronimous discovered a house of simple and humble pretensions, but of an agreeable architecture, with just proportions; there was neither marble, nor gold, nor silver, nor ivory, nor movables of purple; every thing there was neat, agreeable and commodious without magnificence: a fountain flowed in the midst of the court, and formed a little canal through a verdant carpet. The gardens were by no means vast; there were seen fruits and plants useful for the nourishment of man. On both sides of the garden appeared two groves, whose trees were almost as ancient as the earth their mother, and whose thick branches caused a shade impenetrable to the rays of the sun. They entered into a saloon, where they made a delicious repast of food, which nature furnished in the garden, and we saw none of those delicacies which men seek so far and so dearly in cities; there was milk as sweet as that which Apollo had the care of extracting, whilst he was shepherd with King Admettus; there was honey more exquisite than that of the bees of Illibia in Sicily, or of Mount Hymettus in Attica; there were

lentils of the garden and fruits which are gathered there; a wine more delicious than nectar, flowed from large vases into chased cups. During this repast, frugal, but sweet and tranquil, Aristonous was unwilling to sit at table: at first he did all he could, under diverse pretexts, to conceal his modesty; but in fine, as Sophronimus wished to press him, he declared that he could never resolve to eat with the grandson of Alcinous, whom he had so long time served at the same table. Behold, said he to him, where that wise old man was accustomed to eat; behold where he conversed with his friends; behold where he played at different games; behold where he walked in reading Homer and Hesiod; behold where he reposed during the night. In recalling to mind these circumstances, his heart was affected, and tears flowed from his eyes. After the repast, he called Sophronimous to view the beautiful prairie, where wandered his large herds bellowing along the border of the river; then they beheld the flocks of sheep which were returning from the luxuriant pastures: the bleating ewes, their udders distended with milk, were followed by their young and tender lambs skipping along the plain: we saw every where the hurried laborers, who loved labor for the interest of their mild and humane masters, who caused themselves to be beloved by them and mitigated their pains of servitude.

Aristonous having shown to Sophronimous this house, these slaves, these flocks and herds, and these lands rendered so fertile by a diligent and careful culture, addressed him in these words: I am ravished to behold you in the ancient patrimony of your ancesters; behold me content, since I put you in possession of the place in which I have served so long time Alcinous: enjoy in peace what was his, live happy, and prepare yourself at a distance by your vigilance for an end more mild than his. At the same time he made him a donation of this property with all the solemnities prescribed by the laws; and he declared that he excluded from his succession his natural heirs, if ever they should prove so ungrateful as to contest the donation, which he had made to the grandson of Alcinous his benefactor. But this was not sufficient to content his heart; Aristonous, before giving his house, furnished it entirely with new furniture, simple and modest indeed, but neat and agreeable; he filled his granaries with the rich gifts of Ceres, and the cellar with a wine of Chio fit to be served by Ganymede at the table of the great Jupiter; he put there also some Parmenian wine, with an abundant provision of the honey of Hymettus and Hybla, and the oil of Attica, almost as sweet as the honey itself; in fine he added there innumerable fleeces of a wool fine and white as snow, the rich spoils of the tender sheep which graze on the mountains of Arcadia and in the fat pastures of Sicily. It was in this condition that he gave his house to Sophronimous. He gave him besides fifty Euboic talents, but reserved to his relations the estates which he possessed in the Peninsula of Clazomene, on the environs of Smyrna, of Lebede and Colophon, which were of very great value. Sophronimous, astonished and affected with so magnificent benefits, accompanied him even to the vessel with tears in his eyes, calling him ever his father and embracing him in his arms. Aristonous soon arrived home, by a prosperous and happy voyage: none of his relations dared complain of what he had given So-

phronimous. I have left, said he to them, as a last will in my testament, this order, that all my effects shall be sold and distributed to the poor of Ionia, if any of you oppose the gift which I have made to the grandson of Alcinous. This wise old man lived in peace, and enjoyed the blessings which the gods had granted to his virtues. Every year, notwithstanding his old age, he made a voyage to Lycia to revisit Sophronimous, and offer a sacrifice on the tomb of Alcinous, which he had enriched with the most beautiful ornaments of Architecture and Sculpture: he had ordered that his own remains, after his death, should be carried to the same tomb, that they might repose with those of his beloved master. Every year, in the spring, Sophronimous, impatient to see him again, had, without ceasing, his eyes turned towards the sea shore, to endeavor to discover the vessel of Aristonous which arrived at that season: every year he had the pleasure of seeing arrive from afar through the briny waves, that vessel which was so dear to him, and the arrival of the vessel was to him infinitely more agreeable than all the charms of reviving nature in the spring after the rigors of a frightful winter.

One year he did not see arrive as formerly, the vessel so much desired: he sighed bitterly; sadness and fear were painted on his visage; sweet sleep fled afar his eye-lid; no exquisite food seemed sweet to him; he was inquiet, alarmed at the least noise, ever turned towards the port; he asked every moment if no one had seen a certain vessel arrive from Ionia. One was seen; but, alas! Aristonous was not on board, it brought only his remains in a silver urn. Amphicles, the ancient friend of the deceased, nearly of the same age, the faithful executor of his last wish, brought overwhelmed with grief, this urn. When he approached Sophronimous, their utterance failed both, and they expressed themselves only by their sobs. Sophronimous having kissed the urn and watered it with his tears, thus broke silence: O old man! you have been the happiness of my life, and you cause me now the most cruel of all pains; I shall behold you no more; death would be sweet to me to see and serve you in the Elysian fields where your shade enjoys the happy peace which the just gods reserve to virtue; you have led back in our day, justice, piety and gratitude on earth; you have discovered in an age of iron, the goodness and innocence of the golden age; the gods before crowning you in the sojourn of the just, have granted you here below, a happy, agreeable and long old age; but, alas! that which should endure forever, is never sufficiently long: I feel no longer any pleasure to enjoy from it without you. O dear shade! when shall I follow you! Precious remains, if you can still feel any thing, you would feel again without doubt, the pleasure of being mingled with those of Alcinous, mine shall also one day be mingled there; in waiting, all my consolation shall be to preserve the remains of him whom I have loved so much. O Aristonous! no, you shall never die, but you shall live ever in the bottom or inmost recesses of my heart; rather would I forget myself than ever forget that man so amiable, who has loved me so much, who so much loved virtue, to whom I owe every thing.

After these words interrupted by profound sighs, Sophronimus placed the urn in the tomb of Alcinous. He sacrificed several victims, who

blood inundated the altars of turf which encircled the tomb; he poured out abundant libations of wine and milk; he burned incense brought from the remotest East, which ascended in an odoriferous cloud in the midst of the air. Sophronimous established forever, annually, in the same season, funeral games in honor of Alcinous and Aristonous. They assembled there from Caria, a happy and fertile country; from the enchanting borders of the Meander, which delights in so many circumvolutions, and which seems to quit with regret the country which it waters; from the ever verdant banks of the Caystre; from the borders of the Pactolus, which rolls beneath its waves a golden sand; from Pamphilia, which Ceres, Pomona and Flora emulously adorn; in fine, from the vast plains of of Cilicia, watered like a garden by torrents which fall from mount Taurus ever covered with snow. During this so solemn fete, the young boys and girls dressed in long robes of linen, whiter than the lilly, sung hymns in honor of Alcinous and Aristonous; for they could not eulogise the one without the other, nor separate two men so closely united even after their death.

What was the most wonderful, is that on the first day, whilst Sophronimous was making libations of wine and milk, a myrtle of exquisite verdure and odor, arose in the midst of the tomb, and elevated suddenly its thick head to cover the two urns with its branches and shade. Each one exclaimed that Aristonous as a recompense for his virtue, had been changed by the gods into this beautiful tree; Sophronimous took care to water it himself, and to honor it as a Divinity; the tree, far from growing old, is renewed every ten years, and the gods have wished to show by this miracle, that virtue which sheds so sweet a perfume over the memory of man, never dies.

LETTER OF GANGANELLI.

[Translated from Italian.]

The following is a beautiful letter written by Ganganelli—Pope Clement XIV, born at S. Arcangelo near Rimini, in the year 1705, where he was held in the highest esteem for his talents and his public and private conduct:

Signore Abate, cannot do better, to divert himself from perplexities and inquietudes, than to travel in Italy. Every well informed man owes a homage to the country so renowned and so worthy of being so, and I shall see him there with unutterable pleasure. At first view will rise those bulwarks given by nature in the Appennines, and the Alps which separate us from the French, and which merit from us the title of Ultramontane. These are so many majestic mountains made to serve as ornament to the picture, of which they form the contours; the seas are so perspective that they present the most beautiful points of view, which can interest travellers and painters. Nothing is more admirable than a soil the most fertile, under the most beautiful climate, every where intersected with living waters, every where peopled with villages and

adorned with superb cities; such is Italy. If agriculture was held here in as much honor as architecture; if the country was not divided into so many different governments, all of various form, and as it were all weak and of little extent, misery would not be seen by the side of magnificence, and industry without activity; but as the greatest disgrace, more attention is given to the embellishment of the cities than the cultivation of the fields, and every where the uncultivated soil reproaches the inhabitants with their idleness.

If you enter by Venice you will see a city unique in the world by its situation, which is exactly like a vast fleet which reposes tranquilly on the waters, and which is not approached but by means of vessels.

But this is not the only thing which will surprise you. The inhabitants masked for four or five months in the year, the laws of a timorous government which permit the greatest liberty to diversions, the prerogatives of a prince who has no authority, the manners of a people who have no fear of its shadow, and enjoy the greatest tranquility, are things in themselves very different, but which in a particular manner interest a traveller. There is scarcely a Venetian who is not eloquent; they are rather formed from the collection of conceits of the gondoliers, full of the most refined salt.

The circumference of Ferrara will discover to you a beautiful and vast solitude, silent as the tomb of Ariosto, who reposes there.

Bologna will present to your eyes another beautiful prospect. You will find there the sciences, familiar also to the fair sex, who exhibit themselves with dignity in the schools, and in the academies, among whom every one of them bears off a trophy. A thousand diverse prospects will please your mind and eyes, and the conversation there of the inhabitants will delight you very much.

Whence for the space of more than three hundred miles you will traverse a multitude of little cities, each one of which has its theatre, and country house and some scholar or poet who applies himself agreeable to his genius and the rule of his pleasure.

You will visit Loreto, a pilgrimage famous for the concourse of strangers and the splendid treasures by which its temple is enriched.

Finally, you will behold Rome, which for a thousand continued years will be ever revisited with new pleasure, seated on seven hills called by the ancients the seven rulers of the world, seems from thence to govern the universe, and to say with pride to all people that she is their queen and capital. *Roma caput hominum domat ardua corda virorum.*

On casting your eyes on that famous Fevere, it will recall to your mind those ancient Romans who have spoken so much of it, and how many times it has flowed, swelled with their blood and with that of their enemies.

You will go as it were into extacies at beholding the Cathedral of St. Peter called by connoiseurs the wonder of the world, since it is infinitely superior to St. Sophia's at Constantinople, to Saint Paul's in London, and even the temple of Solomon itself. It is a vase after the manner which it extends itself as far as it runs, and in which every thing appears of an ordinary form. The paintings are ravishing, the mausoleums speak, and you would believe that you beheld that new Jerusalem descended from heaven, of which St. John speaks in his Apocalypse.

In the complication and in each part of the Vatican erected on the ruins of the false oracles, will be found beauties of every kind to fatigue your eye, and you will stand enchanted with them. Here is where Raffaello and Michael Angelo now in a terrible and now in an agreeable manner have unfolded in the most beautiful chef d'oeuvres, their genius, expressing to the life the internal force of their soul; and here is where is deposited the science and spirit of all the writers of the universe in a multitude of works which compose the most vast and richest library in the world.

The churches, the palaces, the public places, the pyramids, the obelisks, the columns, the galleries, the facades, the theatres, the fountains, the vistas, the gardens, every thing will tell you that you are in Rome, and every thing will cause you to be attached to it, as a city which was ever continually by preference universally admired.

You will discover finally a new world in all the figures of painting and sculpture, as well of the ancients as of the moderns, and you will believe this world animated. The disgrace is that this magnificent view will then finish in the form of beggars maintained by Rome imprudently by distributing certain alms ill understood, instead of making them apply themselves to useful labors; and in such a manner the rose discovers itself with the thorn, and vice is seen very often by the side of virtue.

If the modern Romans do not seem to you in the least warlike, it therefore arises from their actual government which does not inspire them with valor; as to the rest there is found in them every seed of virtue, and they are as good soldiers as others, when they bear arms under some foreign power.

You will pass from thence to Naples by the famous Appian Way, which by its great antiquity is rendered to day, disgracefully, very incommodious, and will arrive at that Partenope where repose the ashes of Virgil, on which is seen sprung up a laurel which can never be better placed.

On one side Mount Vesuvius, on the other the Elysian Fields will present to you some very singular points of view; and after being satiated with them you will find yourself surrounded by a multitude of Napolitans, vivacious and spiritual, but too much inclined to pleasure and idleness to be what they could be. Naples would be an incomparable city, if there was not found there a throng of plebeans who have the air of wretches and of Malandirini, without being often neither the one nor the other.

The churches are richly adorned, but the architecture is in bad taste, which does not at all correspond with that of Rome. You will experience a singular pleasure in travelling on the environs of this city, delightful on account of the fruits, for its perspective views and its situation; and you will be able to penetrate even into those famous subterranean vaults, where remained for some time engulphed the city of Herculaneum by an eruption of Vesuvius.

If perchance it should be raging, you would behold issuing from its bosom torrents of fire which majestically expand through the campaigns. You will see in Portici a collection of what has been excavat-

ed from the ruins of Herculaneum, and the environs of Pozzuolo, already celebrated by the prince of poets, will inspire you with a taste for poesy. It is necessary to go there with the Ænead in your hand, and confront with the cave of the Sybil of Cuma, and with the Acheron what Virgil has said of them. On your return you will pass through Caserta, which for its embellishments, marble, extent, and aqueducts worthy of ancient Rome, may be called the most beautiful villa of Europe. Florence, from whence proceed the fine arts, and where exist as in depot their most magnificent chef d'œuvres will present you with new objects. You will admire there a city which agreeable to the expression of a Portuguese, should be seen only on the Sabbath, so genteel and beautifully adorned. Every where are discovered the traces of the splendor and good taste of the Medici, those restorers of the arts, described in the annals of genius.

Leghorn, a sea-port as populous as advantageous to Tuscany; Pisa, ever in possession of schools and having men erudite in all the departments of science. Siena renowned for the purity of the air and of the language will interest you in turn in a particular manner; Parma situated in the midst of the most fertile pastures, will show you a theatre which contains fourteen thousand persons, and in which every one understands all which is said, although *a mezza voce*. Piacenza then will seem to you well worthy of the name which it bears, being a sojourn which for its situation and amenity pleases singularly travellers. You will not forget Modena, a country of the illustrious Muratori, and as a city celebrated by the name which it has given to its sovereigns. In Milan you will find the second church of Italy for beauty and grandeur; more than ten thousand statues of marble adorn its exterior, and it would be a chef d'œuvre if it had a facade. The society of its inhabitants are remarkably peaceable. You can live there as at Paris, and all breathes an air of splendor. The Boromean islands will invite you to go and see the merchandise, and hear the account which will be given you of them. Situated in the midst of a very delicious lake, they present to the sight all that which is the most smiling and magnificent to be found in gardens. Genoa will prove herself to you to be really superb in her churches and in her palaces. You will observe there a port famous for its commerce and the affluence of strangers; there is seen a Doge who is changed almost like the superiors of the community, and who has not much more authority. Turin, finally the residence of a court where for a long time have dwelt the virtues, will enchant you with the regularity of the edifices, with the beauty of the piazzas, with the regularity of its streets, with the spirit of its inhabitants; and which in such a manner will terminate your delightful voyage. I have made as you clearly see very quickly the whole tour of Italy, and with the least hope, in the end, of inviting you in reality to come here. I shall not stop to tell you any thing of our customs; they are not more corrupt than those of other nations, whatever the malignant may say of us; but they vary in the *chiaro oscuro* according to the diversity of the governments, since the Roman does not resemble the Genoese, nor the Venetian the Neapolitan. It may be said of Italy as of the whole world, that except a little difference, there

is here as elsewhere, a little good and a little evil. I do not wish to prejudice you in relation to the politeness of the Italians, nor even their love for the sciences and the fine arts, this being a thing which you will know very soon by conversing with them, and yourself, especially above every other, and with whom they will experience the greatest satisfaction in conversation, and to whom it will even be a pleasure to be able to subscribe myself your very humble and very obedient servant.

ON THE RELATIONS OF MAN WITH GOD.

[Translated from Spanish.]

Oh! man, whether noble, or artisan, learned, or ignorant, ecclesiastical, or secular, religious, or military, sovereign or subject, descend into yourself, and, in a silence profound, and uninterrupted, reflect on the horrors of nonentity, which preceded your conception! How from nonentity you have passed into being! how in an instant you have become a spirit, and body, that is, united into two substances, whose union appears incompatible, and whose action is a continued prodigy!

Neither your father, nor your mother had the knowledge, or power to arrange your muscles, to dilute or liquidate your blood, or to harden your bones. An intelligence supreme, superior to all the powers of earth, and superior to all your conceptions, willed, and your existence commenced, willed, and you grew to the state in which you found yourself. Ah me! And what is this intelligence? Ah! who can exist, without the universal mover, the principle of all which respires and vegetates, and the infinite being whom we call God? His omnipotent hand formed you, when you could not know him, and preserves and maintains you at an age in which you have the vanity to outrage him. But if you were not yesterday, and may cease to be to day, is it possible that you can pass the day, which flies rapidly, without thinking on that Creator and Preserver, without giving him thanks and without adoring him. There is nothing within or without you, which is not his work. The universe which you found already formed, the stars which illuminate you, the plants and animals, which nourish you; and finally so many creatures, ever ready to satisfy all your necessities, have not been able of themselves to procure the wonderful benefit of existence. Since then all these creatures exist but for you, how great, must be your acts of thanks and correspondent obligations?

Who is that man among all mankind, capable of commanding the lightest zephyr not to breathe, the smallest gnat not fly, and the most imperceptible atom not to move? Ah! weak and impotent, even we ourselves have our existence only lent us, and act only in Him who gives movement and life. Our generation began like all those which preceded us; and consequently it is necessary to acknowledge a principle of production, which not having the power to be, nor to create itself, necessarily must have existed before all ages How is it possible to suppose an instant, in which God was not God, and a single instant, in which the Supreme Being, the only necessary, the only omnipotent, *and the only* universal, did not possess these qualities as essential as *supreme*.

EL MARQUES CARACCIOLO.